

PART I. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

30 Pages---210 Columns

VOL XXII

ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

J·M·HIGH&C

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Unparalleled Silk Dept.

Some things and some prices not owned by others in this town.

A general unloading begins tomorrow. A new pricenaking and a greater bargain giving is inaugurated at this department. Thousands of pleased purchasers have sung the beauty and perfectness of this great stock and now, to add more luster to its beauty, we introduce it under a new price.

To Enumerate Particularly:

At 35c— 3,000 yards beautiful Checked Taffetas at 35c; these we sold at 50c.

At 60c— 1,800 yards Cheney Bros.' Twilled Perseians in simply exquisite effects, at 60c a yard. These were sold at \$1.50.

At 75c— 1,200 yards figured and striped Glace Dresden Silks. This is a powerful offering. The greatest of the season—75c; that's all \$1.50.

At \$1 and \$1.25 yard— Two numbers are offered in extra fine BLACK SILK GRENADINES. The season's body for these unusual styles the prices were never so entertaining. The two specials at \$1 and \$1.25, actually worth double.

At 75c— 3,000 yards Givernaud figured Black Silk Taffetas, the very things for suits and waists; 75c were formerly \$1.25 yard.

We own 4,000 yards extra high grade BLACK SATIN DUCHESSE for Skirts, Suits or coats, now price or to-morrow—33 per cent lower than every yard warranted to wear.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Marvelous Values in High-Class

COLORED DRESS GOODS!

The Prices Cut in Half.

All our fine Novelty Colored Dress Goods are to be slaughtered. Dame Fashion was unkind in the early part of the season; now that she has changed her fancy and favors Colored Goods, the season decrees and we would have been a proper sacrifice then can now only be accepted as a big loss. We shall dispose of the majority of stock the coming week.

At 65c— We offer a lot of all styles fashionable Woolen Fancies, the very best shading, worth 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 yard.

At 50c— A lot of checks, novelty stripes, and two-toned Fancies; early in the season they were \$1.00.

At 35c— 67 pieces all-wool Scotch Cheviot Novelties, serviceable and neat; a splendid wearing material; were 75c.

At 60c— 43 pieces 45 and 48-inch Novelty Check Suitings, worth \$1.25 in any market on the globe.

At 75c— 10 pieces Navy and Brown Diagonal Twill Tourist Serge, 54 inches wide and all pure wool; would be cheap at \$1.00.

At 95c— 31 pieces Silk and Wool-Mixed Novelty Plaids, etc., reduced from \$2.00 a yard.

At 25c— 45 pieces Figured Fancy Novelty Dress Goods; nearly all wool, and the usual 50c kind.

At 12 1-2c— 19 pieces 33-inch half-wool Iridescent Fibres; cheap at 25c.

At 35c— 50 pieces genuine French Figured Chalons; you know that last season's price was 25c.

At \$15.00— A few exclusive styles in fine Imported Novelty Pattern Suits Crepon and Cotton effects. They represent values from \$25 to \$100. Dress Lengths and Remnants of all styles of seasonal Dress Goods to be closed at about one-third value.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Ladies' Waists.

Big lot Ladies' Calico Waists, yoke back, At 25c.

Ladies' Percale and Black Satine Shirt Waists, pointed yoke back, worth \$1. At 50c.

12 dozen Ladies' Pink, Blue and Tan Chambray Shirt Waists, extra large sleeves, pointed yoke back, worth \$1.50.

Ladies' Stripe Batiste Shirt Waists, full sleeves, yoke back, worth \$2. At 45c.

Ladies' Fancy Silk Shirt Waists, worth \$1.50, At 50c.

Ladies' Fancy and Plain Silk Shirt Waists, worth \$2. At 50c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Wonderful Drives in

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

FOUR GREAT SPECIALS will be put on sale tomorrow and sold without reserve until every yard is gone. No language of ours is strong enough to express the money-saving opportunities which are now given to the close, shrewd buyer. Make no error. Indulge in no delay. If you intend buying a stylish BLACK DRESS you cannot afford staying away from these great special offerings.

No. 1

2,000 yards silk-finished Saxony Wool, extra high grade, Black Henrietta. At 50c yard.

This is the exact kind that is peddled over some counters at just \$1.00 a yard.

No. 2

A great special sale in beautiful FIGURED BLACK BRILLANTINES. Ask to see them. They are the fashion followers of the late Crepon rage. Silky, soft and refined. Two numbers. Our prices— 50c and \$1.25 a yard.

No. 3

A wonderful bargain. A correct material for a dress. 3,200 yards all-wool 35 inch BLACK SUBURBAN SERGE; usually sold at 50c; 29c yard.

No. 4

The residue of our Crepon stock must go. That is the mandate. Not a yard can be left after Wednesday. Black Crepons save 50c. No reasonable offer used. The highest grade in the city are here included. We must unload.

HOW ABOUT THESE PRICES?

Crepons in black at 75c, worth \$1.25 yard.

Crepons in black at \$1.00, worth \$1.50 yard.

Crepons in black at \$1.75, worth \$3.00 yard.

Crepons in black at \$2.00, worth \$4.00 yard.

Crepons in black at \$2.25, worth \$4.50 yard.

Don't you think these prices will some-what interest you? If such is on your special, you'll buy.

Now listen to this! Black Crepon Shirts, about 32 lengths, containing 4, 4½, 4¾ and 5 yards, to be sold to-morrow at a price. "The folly to quote the great bargain price. Come to us we will sell you.

At 65c— We offer a lot of all styles fashionable Woolen Fancies, the very best shading, worth 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 yard.

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J. M. HIGH&CO.

Ladies' Underwear and Corsets.

One lot of Ladies' Gown, Chemises, Drawers and Corset Covers; none worth less than \$1.25 and many worth \$2; they are slightly soiled by being thrown on the floor.

Monday at 75c.

One lot Ladies' Muslin Skirts, with two deep ruffles; new cut, At 75c.

We have the best 50c Summer Corset made—the Improved Sprite-long waisted and perfect fitting.

Ladies' Stripe Batiste Shirt Waists, full sleeves, yoke back, worth \$2. At 45c.

Ladies' Fancy Silk Shirt Waists, worth \$1.50, At 50c.

Ladies' Fancy and Plain Silk Shirt Waists, worth \$2. At 50c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Ladies' Wrappers.

Ladies' Calico Wrappers, in light and dark colors, made. At \$1.

Ladies' Black and White Calico Wrappers, worth \$1.50. At \$1.25.

Ladies' Fine Lawn Wrappers, extra large sleeves. At \$2.

Ladies' Black Satine Wrappers, nicely made, large sleeves, worth \$2. At \$2.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Ginghams.

3,000 yards French Zephyr Ginghams, easily worth 20c—on second floor tomorrow. At 10c yard.

5,000 yards Fancy Dress Ginghams, nothing less than 12½c they are worth—second floor tomorrow. At 5c.

French Percales.

We will sell on second floor tomorrow, 3,000 yards Percales, stripes and figures, worth 12½c yard.

At 8 1-2c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Figured Batiste.

3,000 yards Figured Batiste, stylish and pretty, worth 12½c; tomorrow, second floor, At 8 1-2c.

2,700 yards French Figured Batiste, regular 15c and 20c kind—second floor. At 10c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Cotton Crepons.

Second Floor.

Another lot Royal Crepon Crepons, choice styles and new shading; worth 12½c yard.

At 8 1-2c.

2,500 yards solid colored Crepons, worth 10c cents, At 5c.

2,100 yards light shades, solid colored Crepons, the 20c kind, At 9 1-2c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Table Linens.

2,000 yards solid colored Crepons, worth 10c cents, At 5c.

190 dozen Ladies' and Gent's fine plain and embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 15c to 25c, will be yours.

At 9 1-2c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Handkerchiefs.

200 dozen Ladies' Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 10c and 15c, for tomorrow.

At 5c.

14 pieces 70-inch double Satin Bleached Damask, worth 80c everywhere; At 50c.

15 pieces German Half-Bleached Damask, worth 80c; Monday At 45c yard.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Embroideries.

2,000 yards auction lot of the Cambrie, Mull and Nainsook Embroideries; not a piece in the lot worth less than 15c and many as much as 50c; will sell Monday and Tuesday.

At 5c yard.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Pacific Lawns.

2,000 yards Black Pacific Lawns, the regular 16c sort—second floor tomorrow. At 5c yard.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

White Plaid Lawns.

5,000 yards White Plaid and Check Lawns, worth 10c.

At 5c yard.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

White India Linen.

4,000 yards short lengths Sheer White India Linen, worth 12½c.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

White Figured Pique.

60 pieces White Figured Pique and Duck Suitings, worth 25c, At 12 1-2c yard.

J. M. HIGH&CO.

Dotted Swiss.

35 pieces Dotted Swiss, seed dots, worth 35c.

OUR BROTHER IN RED

Cherokees as Seen Upon Their Reservations in the Mountains.

DEVOTED TO THEIR FATHERS' LAND

These Simple Children of the Hills Have Made Considerable Progress—They Objected To Being Transplanted.

There are two objects of unique interest to the sojourner in "the Land of the Sky," just now, namely, the grounds and castle of Mr. George Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, and the vale of the Swannanoa, and the reservation of the eastern Cherokees in Swain and Jackson counties.

Go with us as we gather our panel into the peaceful domain of the latter for a brief review of the children of the forest in their progress from the pheasant plume and the coat of turkey-red to civilized garb and citizenship.

So early as 1888, four delegations from these Indians visited Washington, one representing it to be the wish of parts of the towns to go west and pursue their natural employment of hunting; the other voicing the wish of the residue whose desire was to remain upon the haunts of their childhood and become tillers of the soil. Both parties were graciously granted by the great father, and the desire of the two parties was promptly carried into effect.

For almost a generation the lingering remnant remained tranquil upon their native reservations, making in the meantime no little advancement in the arts of a more progressive civilization. Many of their more aboriginal customs were either neglected or entirely discarded, and, although the only means of enlightenment lay in their contact with their pale-faced neighbors, they gave abundant promise of ultimate assimilation to the developments of human endeavor. They had acquired a primary knowledge of agriculture and skill in the mechanics; they produced, in a civil way, food and clothing for their own sustenance, manufactured their own guns and agricultural implements, and, with the invention of an alphabet by one of their own race, known in English as Geora Guess, they obtained the New Testament in their own rippling vernacular and imbibed a fidelic notion of the doctrines of Christianity; but they had no schools and no intelligible literature save the one book, *The Bible*. This proved quite sufficient for the time, for as a result of its teachings scriptural religion soon took the place of superstitious worship, and churches representing more than one of the Protestant denominations were erected and filled with life-long, fruitful converts.

Sometime in the thirties it was deemed advisable by the government to remove the entire tribe west of the Mississippi. The Indians, however, were unwilling to go. They clung to the soil of their ancestors with an intensity of devotion worthy a more advanced civilization. The government, however, insisted. At the head of troops this remnant of once mighty nation was drawn from their simple huts, corralled and started in the direction of the setting sun. It was but a few hours after they had been reconnoitered when they made a break for liberty, and with the mud encrusted wild animals led in every direction and disappears in the fastnesses of their native mountains, where, under cover of trees, rocks and streams with whom they had been intimate from childhood, they completely baffled the most enterprising of their pale-faced captors. About 2,500 thus escaped and were finally granted the privilege to live among the graves of their fathers and became beneficiaries of the state and national government. The present reservation and its occupants are a direct consequence of this rebellion. These were soon surrounded by the white settlement and the most enterprising of which even then the most prolific of any section of the Anglo-Saxons now begin to impoverish the larger game, either succumbed to the ravages or disappeared before the echoing foot-steps of the Anglo-Saxon. From this time on the eye of the red man began to turn more seriously upon agriculture as the

agency, have misappropriated their trust fund and whereas there is now only about \$30,000 to their credit at Washington there ought to be at least four times that amount.

The school at present comprises several neat buildings devoted to the various departments in which are being clothed, fed and educated an average of 130 boys and girls. It employs a full complement of professional teachers, all of whom are under the civil service. The annual appropriation required to run this school now amounts to about \$15,000.

The time is equally divided between text-book and industrial instruction. The children, like the white, are equal of the whites in mental development, not in strength. The girls display a remarkable tact in acquiring a knowledge of the housewife's routine, and possess an artistic talent little less interesting. The boys grasp the details of advanced modes of farming and gardening with equal ease. They are however, especially fond of games and athletic sports, their superior endurance and agility enabling them to hold their pale-faced competitors on their best mettle in the popular games of base and football. They are all natural pen-

er Strange's delightful book, was a man of considerable merit, and his design extended over more than forty years during which time he never accepted a cent of pay for his service. A worthy example for some rich patriots to more better follow.

The school is general council agreed to forever abandon the use of spiritual leaders, who do much harm to the progress of the boy. There are a few individuals of this aboriginal type still living, the oldest of whom is 100 years old, and probably given at one hundred and sixteen years. With the return of childhood there has stolen into his dusky bosom a disposition to again adopt the ways of his ancestors in all his acts, by refusal to wear any clothes other than a blanket.

The reservation includes some of the richest and most productive sections in the mountains of North Carolina, with an average population of only fifteen hundred, there being several hundred more scattered about the Great Smoky Cherokee country.

Notwithstanding the phenomenal development, despite their exclusive nature, these Indians have here made a home, and a council of wise and honest men in the government, it is a question whether it would not be better to settle them comfortably on some congenial soil like the territory in

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Judge Richard H. Clark Writes of the American Author.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT THE FAMILY

Mrs. Harte the Daughter of an Old Well Known New York Family—One of the Girls an Artist.

Every citizen of the United States of average intelligence knows that when Bret Harte finished his duties of United States counsel to China, he was at his post, but went direct to London, and has there remained ever since, engaged in his usual literary work. But there are very few who know that neither wife, child nor any member of his family is with him. For don't I know that until some months ago, I received a letter from Munsey's Magazine of June, 1894, in the editorial department? I found this:

"Mr. Harte lives in London nowadays in a handsome, solid mansion. His looks like an army officer—an English army officer, who has probably seen India service—and keeps up a conventional household. Perhaps people know that he has a wife and two daughters living in New-ark, N. J."

The phrase "keeps up a conventional household" struck me. I do not have knowledge enough to understand what it takes to constitute a "conventional house-

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and the high social standing of the family she belonged to what was then called in New York society "upper tendon," and "the upper hundred." There was a foreigner a Count Castellane, a Frenchman who came to New York. He was a count, and by virtue of his countship obtained the entrance to the "upper tendon." This brought him in social contact with Miss Cora. When their engagement became known there was a general kicking all along the line. That foreigner could capture the bear of one of the belles of New York, moreover that could be stood, but, nevertheless, they were married. As was foreseen by those whose heads were experienced enough to know that marriage was a failure, and there came the divorce. The lady never married again, and not another foreigner a man with a foreign name and she is yet living. The late marriage of the Count Castellane to Miss Gould is "history repeating itself," a repetition of the marriage I refer to, with the exception that that marriage was not met with so vigorous a protest. It took place nearly three years ago, May 1893. The lady was the first cousin of Mrs. Harte. I hope I will be pardoned for asserting right here that, as a general rule, according to my observation, continental foreigners, born and reared to maturity, do not make good husbands for American wives. Their reading seems not to give them that gallantry and chivalry for the opposite sex possessed by Americans and their relatives of the British empire. Their regard females as inferior to a greater or less degree. Not long since I presided in a divorce case where the head man of a section of a factory married the prettiest and most lady-like girl under him. They went to housekeeping. He kept putting duties upon her of a menial kind, until he required that she should do his washing, and they were common shoes that she "wore the line" right there and retired to the protection of her mother. The difference is only in degree between the higher and the lower classes, of foreign born and reared continentals.

I have even known refined music teachers from the continent, who were domestic tyrants. Remained in America, and when he comes within the exception he is the very best and kindest of husbands, but when an American girl accepts one, she cannot tell if he will come within the rule or the exception. Speaking of the Gould-Castellane marriage, I cannot help having my apprehensions. The fate of Patten who married the Marquise de Caux is before me, and it is never true she is won by the decree of a French court, contributing yearly to his support.

It strikes with horror an Englishman or an American that a wife has by law to contribute to the support of a husband. When the Gould-Castellane marriage was pending the New York papers said the groom's mother despatched to know how much was settled by the wife's husband.

But I must not lose sight of the central figure of this article—Mr. Harte himself. For the benefit of the reader who has not access to cyclopedias I will say that his full name is Francis Bret Harte; his place of birth is Albany, N. Y.; his father was a scholar of culture, and a teacher in the Albany Academy. After a short time at a small estate. After the ordinary school education Harte went to California, taking his mother with him, in the year 1854. After making ventures in mining and school teaching he became a compositor in a printing office. His first literary articles were set by himself while working at a mine, and he was soon editor of the *Golden Era* in San Francisco. Clever sketches contributed at first anonymously attracted the editor and he was invited to join the corps of writers. In 1864 he was appointed secretary of the United States branch mint. He filled that office for six years, during which time he wrote for the *Golden Era* and *San Fran*.

Clever sketches contributed at first anonymously to the *Golden Era* and *San Fran*.

He is unique in character, and has by his writings and lectures so endeared himself to the American people that they should be excused for taking an interest in his happiness and general welfare.

It seems his daughter was born, and an only child, in 1868, and was born in Albany, New York. After the ordinary school education Harte went to California, taking his mother with him, in the year 1854. After making ventures in mining and school teaching he became a compositor in a printing office. His first literary articles were set by himself while working at a mine, and he was soon editor of the *Golden Era* in San Francisco.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK

Our unhappy rich men have contributed a valuable series of views to current reading on the vital topic, "Does Wealth Bring Happiness?"

Wealth and happiness are subjects that concern the minds of most of mankind and the experiences of men who have had wealth enough to buy a world of happiness, if it could be had for material considerations, are worthy of examination.

These very rich men agree that wealth does not bring happiness. Most of them write in a sad strain about the matter, and one poor, rich fellow says that wealth is a burden to a man. Another says it hampers the ambitious man.

"When I was a poor man of twenty years," writes Levi P. Morton, New York's wealthy governor, "clerked in a country store, I used to think that if by any wild freak of fortune I could ever accumulate \$100,000, I should be the happiest man alive. Now that I possess that amount and more, I am no happier than in my poorer early days."

So they all write. All seem unsatisfied and Andrew Carnegie summed the matter up when he said: "When we have exhausted every other so-called pleasure that of bringing the look of joyful success to the eye and the words of grateful happiness to the lips of others remains perennial."

George M. Pullman grew real sad over the question and wrote with deep feeling. He asked:

"Now, if a man has a competence of \$100,000, and his income is all that he can spend, how can any additional amount necessary to make him wealthy be of any advantage? It is a mere surplusage which he cannot spend, and with the care of which he must be burdened without any spending return of extra comfort or pleasure. How can we bring happiness?"

Then in this pathetic strain he went on to say:

"For my part, I can only say that I am not one iota happier now than I was in the days when I had not a dollar that I could call my own, save that for which I worked from sunny morn to dewy eve. Now that my poor bones have been strengthened to wear one suit of clothes at a time, and that suit is no better than the one I wore then, I ate three square meals daily at that time, and cannot eat any more now. Then I had no responsibilities and no cares. I only had to be at my post and do my duty, and when my hours of work were over my mind and body were free as those of a bird. I could sit down and rest as my heart bade me, the pillow and sleep soundly until morning. Now that I have the weight of vast interests and business cares resting upon me, but in and out of working hours, I do not sleep so well as then. All things considered, I believe I was quite as happy, if not much happier, when I was poor. Therefore, with all the great advantages and privileges which wealth confers, I do not believe that it brings happiness."

The picture of Pullman, wealthy as a modern Croesus, with everything at hand to lavishly supply his every want, yet unable to sleep, is one that will linger in the mind.

John W. Mackay is surprised that any one should think for a moment that happiness depends on wealth. He experienced his greatest happiness when in the pursuit of wealth. He said he was far happier when a laborer in a New York ship yard and when swinging a pick in a western mine than when a millionaire.

"I had faith in and hope for the future," says he, "and the realization of these hopes brought me less happiness than I had experienced before."

Evidences are multiplied that wealth and happiness have little relation to each other. Mr. John D. Rockefeller says there is no such thing as a wealthier man and decries the power of money to create happiness, but from the sunny style in which he deals with the question I am inclined to believe that he is happy although a rich man. He eats strawberries and cream and says it is impossible for anybody to ever have enough. He compares the man making money with the little girl eating ice cream. "Don't you think you have had enough, Ethel?" asked her aunt. "I may think so, but I don't feel so."

These strawberry and cream comparisons supply the only bright rays that pierce the gloom of this funeral mass of literature.

Modern American journalism is developing a peculiar characteristic and that is a tendency among the wealthy newspaper proprietors to own as many papers as they can.

John B. McLean, for years owner and director of The Cincinnati Enquirer, has bought The New York Morning Journal. It is announced that he is to make a first-class New York morning daily out of it, developing it in the way of political power, and making it a strong factor in politics. The paper was originally owned by his brother, and was making wild and desperate bids for notoriety. McLean's purchase of it was a big step toward that broad scope of action and influence which represents the highest ambition of our latter day newspaper owners. It has long been the belief of Cincinnati people that McLean's papers are the organs of the Gentry of that city. With three such agencies for influencing the public mind, he is one of the powerful men of this country.

James W. Scott started the fashion of buying up newspapers, and it seems to have become popular over the country.

Bismarck, at eighty, says the secret of his longevity is temperance, a morning bath, plenty of outdoor exercise, regular habits and sound and refreshing sleep. He believes in outdoor exercise and in the matter of athletics very sensibly says that nothing is better for the health than a good athletic training, except that fears which tax the strength are extremely dangerous. He is strongly opposed to very violent exercise. Temperance in all things is his motto.

A pleasing feature of the coming encampment of Confederate Veterans at Camp Tex., will be the presence of Miss Edith Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee. She will play a prominent part in the public exercises there and the beautiful devotions which the grizzled veterans felt for their father will be evidenced by the tributes of admiration and love which they will lay at her feet.

J. W. Reinhardt's ambition seemed to have been hard to satisfy. Not content with being president of the longest railroad line in the world, it is charged that he falsified the figures showing the financial statement of the road, so as to thereby induce many people to invest in the company bonds. Reinhardt was a young man of great genius and capacity and as the head of the biggest railroad system in the world, the Santa Fe system, he had a magnificent field for the employment of his talents to excellent advantage. He may be entirely innocent of the charge brought against him, but if the allegations are true, he became ambitious to be known as a great Napoleon in the railway field and took a big risk to achieve his ambition. Too many men undervalue legitimate opportunities and seek for others in which grave danger lies.

Deodorine
Purifies and makes healthy. Expels all bad odors. Lamer & Rankin Drug Company, agents.

Special registration is required to vote in the bond election.

MUNYON'S
REMEDIES CURE

Munyon's Improved Homoeopathic Remedies Are Far in Advance of the Regular School of Homoeopathy--They Combine All That is Best in All Systems.

With Munyon's Remedies every one can become his own doctor. No experimenting, no guess-work, no purging, no nauseous doses. The cure is certain, quick and permanent. You will never be troubled again. If you are sick, cast aside all other medicines, bury prejudice; step into Adolphus Duncan's drug store, and ask for a Munyon's Cure. It will cost you nothing, and will tell you how to cure yourself and save doctor's bills. Twenty-five cents a bottle, and a bottle of Munyon's may be all that you need to cure yourself after everything else has failed. In any case, your cure will cost you but a trifle.

To cure your disease, write to the Munyon Co., 15th Arch street, Philadelphia, describing your complaint fully. A trained physician will diagnose your case and give you the benefit of his advice positively without charge. Not a cent to pay, whether you purchase medicine or not. Send your address by mail, if desired, on receipt of the price. All druggists sell them. Thousands of physicians from grammar school to medical professor of the highest attainments, attest the wonderful efficacy of Munyon's Remedies in the cure of every curable disease.

Munyon's Blood Cure cures all diseases of the blood.

Munyon's Cathartic insures a free and natural movement of the bowels without causing any pain or discomfort.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles.

Munyon's Asthma Hives are guaranteed to stop in two minutes.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness and specially heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure never fails.

Munyon's Jaundice cures constipation and liver diseases. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure cures all diseases of the blood.

Munyon's Cough Cure soothes and heals the afflicted throat and restores them to health. No failure; a cure guaranteed. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures kidney trouble, back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease.

Munyon's Liver Cure restores overworked and overstrained nerves to a healthy condition. Price 25c.

Munyon's Vaseline imparts new life, restores lost powers to weak and debilitated men. Price 25c.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

The West End Baptist Church Passes Its Anniversary.

A WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL HISTORY

It Is Now One of the Strongest Churches in the Baptist Denomination in the State of Georgia.

The West End Baptist church has just passed the seventh anniversary of its history and the record it has made in that time is one made by few church organizations in the city.

The church is now one of the strongest in the Baptist denomination in Georgia and is rapidly growing in membership and in financial strength.

The West End Baptist church was organized on April 22, 1888, seven years ago



S. Y. JAMESON.
Who Has Been Pastor of the West End Baptist Church Seven Years.

the 22d of last month. In the organization at that time there were only thirty-seven members. The church was constituted in a little chapel on the corner of Oak and Ashby streets, where all the meetings were held without a pastor until the early fall, at which time they called their present pastor, Rev. S. Y. Jameson, and moved into the hall on the corner of Lee and Gordon streets over the drug store.

Rev. Mr. Jameson's pastorate commenced Dec. 1, 1888, in the hall where the congregation worshipped for nearly a year, while their new building was being erected. The congregation got into the new building in November, 1889.

From a membership of thirty-seven on April 22, 1888, it grew to 327 up to April 22, 1885—seven years. Since the organization of the church seven years ago, it has been granted letters of dismissal, eleven have been admitted and fellowship withdrawn from eight members. In the organization there were only three deacons. The church now has

financially the West End Baptist church stands third in importance among the Baptist churches of the city, the First and Second churches only being stronger. Since the organization seven years ago between \$30,000 and \$40,000 have been raised for all purposes, and the income is considerably greater. Not a dollar of this amount was derived by entertainments, suppers, fests, vals, lectures or strong advertisements in the press.

The Ladies' Aid Society, of which Mrs. H. M. Abbott has been the honored president since its organization, is one of the most successful in the church, and much of the success of the church is directly attributable to these ladies.

In the management of the finances of the business men of the city may be found among whom may be mentioned J. D. Frazer, H. L. Garrison, George W. E. Peirce, Fred Wagner, W. L. Stanton, I. C. Howard, Marion L. Roberts, Dr. M. J. Campbell, G. C. Kicklighter, F. P. Heath and others.

The success of the West End Baptist church has long been a matter of pride to those engaged in the building up of the church congregation and Rev. Mr. Jameson, who was their first pastor and who led in all the enterprises of the church. The church has not only built up not only his own church, but of all the people in West End for the good he has done and the success that he has had in the church. In reviewing the great work accomplished in the past seven years by this church, from such an insignificant beginning, it is natural to wonder what the result will be the next seven years will be.

Millinery Reduced!

Trimmed Hats, worth \$8.00 at \$4.08.

Pattern Hats half price.

\$3.00 Trimmed Hats at \$1.98.

\$2.50 Hats at \$1.25.

Special:

265 Hats on Bargain Counter reduced from 50c and 75c to 10c.

All Millinery at reduced prices.

Miss Mary Ryan,

45 WHITEHALL.

Bonds are necessary to erect the Boys' High School building, and to extend water mains.

DUNCAN THE DOOMED

Doesn't Discard Hope and Desires
Not To Die.

DECLARES THAT HE IS INNOCENT

Desperately Clings to the Hope That He
Will Get a New Trial—Believes
He Is Saved.

Adolphus Duncan, who is under sentence to hang on June 21st, is very unconcerned regarding the coming of the trap-rolling.

Duncan is a decidedly black, heavy-set negro, and rather saucy in his manner. He denies that he is guilty, and discusses his case in a nonchalant manner that would do splendid credit to a thoroughbred desperado.

In fact, that is Duncan's pose. He is made a hero and a martyr by his own race, and he receives messages of condolence every day. In the courtroom he was surrounded by a coterie of friends, and the witnesses gazed upon him with wonder and admiration while they testified.

If anything, Duncan would much prefer that the crime charged against him was made a hero and a martyr by his own race, and he receives messages of condolence every day. In the courtroom he was surrounded by a coterie of friends, and the witnesses gazed upon him with wonder and admiration while they testified.

Duncan does not look desperate, and does not look as if he would commit suicide if he did not get off the scaffold.

I have no information. It is not because he does not know the facts, but because he does not care to talk about hanging.

He is a fairly well educated negro, and tries to display his knowledge of a few uncertain words in a rather ludicrous fashion. He does not mispronounce, however.

I am innocent of the accusation," he said yesterday. "I do not know the woman, and I am not the man. I was shot by his brother, but I am not the right man."

"At the time the affair is said to have been going on I was at another place, a good ways away from there, and knew nothing about it. I was very much surprised when it was suggested that I committed the crime. Am I ready to hang?"

"Well, I don't know that I will be hung. I expect to get a new trial from the supreme court. It has always treated me justly. I don't care to talk about hanging, but I would like to know what would happen if I went to trial."

Duncan was asked if he had professed religion and if he believed that his soul would be saved.

"There's not much opportunity for professing religion in here," replied Duncan, "but I believe that I am saved. I have done nothing, and am unjustly kept in jail."

For some reason, there have been two who disagree with Duncan's view of the case, and he was guilty by the evidence, if not in fact, and will probably never have another chance to commit the same crime.



PROGRESS.
People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those that most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern invention, which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate, tone up the stomach, liver and bowels, which are the greatest祸害 of such an agent--hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetal extracts, and from four to four-and-a-half grains of opium, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by taking a sample (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coating tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, grippe, flatulence, heartburn, pain and distress after eating, and kindred disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is equal to a mildly cathartic.

As a "slimming pill" to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequalled. They are tiny, sugar-coated capsules, any child will readily take them.

Acceptable, that may be recommended to be "just as good" as may be better for the dealer, because of paying a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help. Address for free sample.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. COPELAND'S PURPOSE.

SUBSTANCE OF HIS OFFER OF ASSISTANCE TO INVALIDS

Thinks That a Great Many of the Victims of Chronic Diseases in Atlanta Could Be Saved if Only Enabled to Have Proper Care.

SICK FOR YEARS.

Bronchial Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and Weakness—Rapport.

Mr. J. J. Alexander of Fayetteville, Ga., says: "After a thorough personal trial of Drs. Copeland & Howell's treatment for bronchitis and a generally weakened and emaciated individual, having chronic catarrh of the head, throat and stomach, I must say that I can do otherwise than join with all other patients I have seen, in giving the Copeland Medical Institute at Atlanta, a hearty endorsement. Their results are wonderful. They had never been awakened to the death bed, nor have any of their patients died within the last ten years. The cost of treatment is nominal."

A melancholy thought has often come up at funerals that the dead man in the hearse might have had his only known relative in the world, and that he might just as well have been saved from the malady that has now stopped him.

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IN THE FAR EAST.

Hawaiian Scenes and Japanese-Chinese Affairs Graphically Pictured.

E. W. BARRETT WRITES FROM JAPAN
King Kalakaua's Memory Is Still Fresh in the Public Mind.

HIS REIGN WAS GAY AND PROGRESSIVE

Li Hung Chang's Diplomacy Served His Country Well in the Peace Negotiations. China Was Not Equipped for War.

Yokohama, Japan, April 19.—(Staff Correspondence.)—Should you ever decide upon a visit to the orient arrange your trip via Hawaii. Every third steamship from San Francisco goes via the Hawaiian Islands, and remains twenty-four hours at the Honolulu dock.

In that time you can see and hear much. It is twenty-four hours in a veritable paradise. Perhaps had you twenty-four days it would grow monotonous, but for twenty-four hours it is charming. It is a perfect poem—the people as well as the scenery, the variety of all classes, races, varieties and types. By far the most interesting are the natives—a peculiar type of people unto themselves—a generous, hospitable, impulsive, mercurial, jolly people to whom life seems all laughter and song. They are a people who have little fondness for work, but great love for play—a people who never allow business to interfere with pleasure. Yet they are shrewd enough not to allow a good opportunity to pass.

King Kalakaua, the last king, the predecessor of the deposed and imprisoned Liliuokalani, proved himself to be the most intelligent monarch that ever ruled a people. Under his rule the islands were turned over to social fe-

tainly not so much so as the way our women ride bicycles.

Sea Trips Monotonous.
Sea trips upon all steamers, upon all occasions when the passengers are English speaking people, are just the same. It is a dull, listless, stupid existence or two day—even for a week—if you be of the party it is pleasant, provided the weather be good. But stretch your trip out into one of nineteen days, with but one intermission—one day on shore—and other than that day but one sail visible in the eighteen, and you will find it stupid, monotonous and tiresome. When you find yourself among two score or more persons of no talent or possessing no entertaining facilities. It is true you can exercise on deck, but it is that sort of exercise which a caged animal gets. Your only recreation is to respond to the dining room going. That soon grows monotonous; all food taken up after three days; your digestive apparatus gets tired, you begin to feel stupid and worthless. The waves are all alike, the sea has a sameness whether it be rough or smooth. The passengers wear the same costume day in and day out. The Chinese sailors go through the same performances each day. The same passengers lounge on deck, the same men play 25-cent limit poker in the smoking room. You lounge about until you wear out; then you join the poker fests and play until the game grows tiresome; you cash in your chips or pay your losses and stroll out on deck.

You join a passenger only to find he or she with hobby in which you are not in the least interested. That bores you and you go to another, who wants to tell you his business. Another attempts to get you to his enterprise, and you find he who will tell you all the ancient jokes that have rung in your ears from boyhood days.

One evening the monotony was slightly ruptured by a progressive euchre party in the dining saloon, which became interesting by virtue of the indignation of one of the elderly ladies because she won the baby book.

On another afternoon we had a baby show aboard. At Honolulu some four hundred Japanese laborers were taken aboard and quartered in the forward steerage. They were contract laborers whose terms had

made a march upon the bar for a cocktail. You get it, but the sign over the bar is queer one to you. It reads "No chit taken except from residents of Tokio and Yokohama and guests of the hotel." A chit is simply memorandum reading "one cocktail—John Smith," which goes in payment of your drink as well as cash. Indeed about the world over a chit is used. Everything is a chit. In any store the name you can buy and simply give a chit with your name and address, which is later left at your address to be paid. It is not at all necessary to be known to give a chit in payment of anything.

To my surprise the first person I met here

ministers had some doubt of securing more funds to continue a pre-arranged war in which their opponents had exhibited no resistance. Besides this, Li Hung Chang was among her troops in China, and, indeed, there were many reasons why she should agree to China's overtures for peace.

The moneyed indemnity Japan gets is a disappointment to many of her people, and the opposition party to the ministry is already making noise of its profligacy.

The opposition newspaper, to the number of seven, in Tokio, have been suppressed by the government for their publication of news about the peace negotiations at Shimonoseki, and the government is taking

to furnish your house from kitchen to parlor.

Our Salesmen Need No Eloquence. The Values We Offer Praise themselves.

Corruption Wins Not More Than Honesty.

This cut shows one of our special Sideboard bargains. Nothing ever seen in Atlanta to touch this lot. Sideboards at \$10, worth \$22.

Sideboards at \$15 worth \$28.

Sideboards at \$25 worth \$35.

Sideboards at \$30 worth \$45.

STREET SCENE IN YOKOHAMA.

was Lieutenant Paul Fitzsimmons, of Australia, who, with his wife and family, is living here. Mr. Fitzsimmons is in charge of the United States naval hospital here.

Li Hung Chang, Chinese Diplomat.

Because of the shooting of Li Hung Chang by a young Japanese and the consequent delay in the peace negotiations, during which cholera broke out among the Japanese troops both in China and among those on the Japanese transports, Japan was forced to materially modify her demands upon China, and in consequence there is some internal political strife in Japan.

Li Hung Chang made better terms with Japan than any one expected would be accepted.

Japan would probably have got the full indemnity and everything else demanded by the Chinese if the assassination of Li Hung Chang had caused delay in the peace negotiations, and because of it came the armistice effected on the 1st of April to extend until the 20th. During the armistice cholera broke out among the Japanese troops in China and several thousand have died. Li Hung Chang took advantage of this to make Japan materially modify her demands. He offered but few concessions in response to Japan's demands, intimating that the Japanese troops could never get to Peking. The nearest the Japanese army has ever got to Peking is within several hundred miles.

The Japanese envoys, understanding Li Hung Chang's diplomacy, continued during the armistice to make preparations for taking Peking. Japan carried all her crack troops from Tokio down to Hiroshima, amassed ninety thousand there and loaded them upon sixty-four transports, announcing that they would proceed to Tien-Tsin to meet up with Peking if a peace treaty was not effected before the 20th.

This display brought it about, but by his shrewdness Li Hung Chang managed to cause the Japanese envoys to reduce their moneyed demands as well as other minor ones.

And this is what has led to internal political strife in Japan. It may all, however, end very soon.

The internal politics of Japan was a large factor in the declaration of war with China. As every one with a knowledge of the situation knows there was no good cause for the war. For years Japan, which has rapidly advanced in civilization, has been gradually adopting western methods, has been spoiling for opportunity to exhibit her power. She had naval commandants and army officers who were graduates of western naval and military schools. Her leading army and navy officers were graduates of our West Point and Annapolis, having been admitted to these schools by special act of congress. She had acquired a great navy and had an army armed, equipped and drilled in the most approved western style.

On the other hand, the United States had declined, when Evans was secretary of state, to admit a batch of Chinese youths to the Annapolis naval academy, though the Chinese government had requested it, and China had no naval commandants educated in western schools. Though China had good ships she had no well-equipped officers; though she had a great army her soldiers were armed with ancient weapons, and having no methods of transportation her troops could not be moved about. They were not drilled and knew nothing of the arts of modern warfare. Japan understood all this perfectly.

Political Lines Wiped Out.

With the adoption of Western ideas and methods of government, the adoption of western politics. The ministry and parliament have been at odds for several years because of the ministry infringing upon the constitutional rights of parliament. In other words Japan has parliament, but the ministry has done all the legislating, annulling at will the acts of parliament. Several times, at the suggestion of

the other hand, the United States

had declined, when Evans was secretary of state, to admit a batch of Chinese youths to the Annapolis naval academy, though the Chinese government had requested it, and China had no naval commandants educated in western schools. Though China had good ships she had no well-equipped officers; though she had a great army her soldiers were armed with ancient weapons, and having no methods of transportation her troops could not be moved about. They were not drilled and knew nothing of the arts of modern warfare. Japan understood all this perfectly.

The new arrival Japan is perfectly fascinating. After a nineteen-day sea voyage, going to a country that you know nothing about, you suddenly discover yourself on shore and in a quaint, neat city, where you find English speaking people everywhere—Americans, largely—and where nearly all the Japanese are little English, you are delighted.

Of course everything is very different from America or anything you find in Europe. Everything except the foreign goods and some of the native articles here are in Yokohama is thoroughly oriental. The houses are but one story high and built of wood and paper. The streets are but a few feet wide. Carriages are rare sights. There are but few here. Thousands of little jinrikishas, drawn by fleet Japanese coolies, convey you about for the small sum of 5 cents a trip, or 10 cents a horse.

None go out too far here. It does at home. An American dollar, formerly in a par with the Japanese silver yen or Mexican dollar, is exchangeable for two, and a yen buys just as much here as it ever did.

Peace has just been agreed upon down at Shimonoseki six hundred miles from here, the terms of which were told in a telegram sent by steamer to Vancouver and wired from there. To get to the correct news was extremely difficult. The government owns all the telegraph lines here, and allows nothing to go over them at this time that is not approved by the war office. They have refused to accept all cables telegram in cipher, and will allow no war news to be cabled or except that approved by the office.

It is useless to attempt to hurry people here. The Japs think next week just as good a time to give out news as today. The news papers have but little news, and that in fact differs widely.

The day of peace and the result of this war upon both China and Japan will be watched with great interest. The emperor and all the Japanese officials who have been down at Shimonoseki are on their way back. Parliament will be called together to ratify the peace treaty. It seems to be highly interesting as it will develop the sentiments of the people as to the nation's next move. The good news territory she will have her hands full for the present. The treasury is low and she needs the indemnity money to come from China immediately.

E. W. BARRETT.

The ministry, the emperor has protracted his stay and each time the people have been back an increased anti-ministry parliament. In order to strengthen itself, and to hold, the ministry recognized that a foreign enemy should be sought to unite the people and put an end to internal differences. Then the internal trouble arose across the country, from the Chinese to Japan did the same. The troubles ended, and the two countries demanded of each other to move their troops. Refusal and demands and counter demands led to the war. Japan was the aggressor. It realized its power and the ministry was anxious to bring about the complications which led to the war.

With the declaration of war all political

lines were obliterated in Japan and the people united. The anti-ministry party has been wildly enthusiastic in its display of patriotism and has been loud in its cries of "on to Peking." Since the peace negotiations began at Shimonoseki the leaders of this element, or the war party, have been urging the taking of Peking immediately.

E. W. BARRETT.

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CHURCHES AND CHURCH NEWS

Doings of the Religious World at Home and Elsewhere—Atlanta Pulpits Today.

The election of Dr. G. B. Strickler, the pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of this city, to the chair of theology in Union seminary, has already been announced. This makes the third time that Dr. Strickler has been called to this chair, and the persistent efforts of the board of trustees may eventually succeed. The talents of Dr. Strickler and his profound scholarship fit him, in a marked degree, for the duties of a college professorship. In the opinion of leading Presbyterian divines the gifts of Dr. Strickler, though brilliantly adapted to the pulpit, should be employed in preparing young students for the labors of the ministry. Dr. Strickler is one of the ablest divines in the southern Presbyterian church. His knowledge of theology is varied and profound and his mind is logical in all its operations. As a reason it is doubtful if the Presbyterian church in the south has ever produced his equal. The members of Dr. Strickler in Atlanta will enter a strong protest to his leaving the city but if he thinks it his duty to accept the call he will do so regardless of his local attachments. Dr. Strickler has resided in Atlanta for more than twelve years and as the pastor of the Central Presbyterian church he has greatly endeared himself to his large congregation.

One of the most important conventions to be held in Atlanta next week will be the fourteenth international convention of the Christian Endeavor societies in the city of Boston, beginning on the 10th of July. The city has already taken active steps to entertain the convention. Delegates from all parts of the world will be in attendance and estimates as to the number of these delegates range as high as 60,000. It will not be the largest Christian Endeavor convention ever held in the United States, but one of the largest religious gatherings that has ever assembled in the world.

The entertainment of the delegates has been left to a committee of 300. The hotels and private homes of the city have been thrown open to the guests. Board from \$5 cents a room to \$1 a day can be obtained. Much of the city is in an uproar, it has been leased, commissioning three halls. Main hall seats 8,000 people. Cotton Hall and Exhibition hall will be used as a huge restaurant. In addition to these, two tents, seating 16,000 each, have been secured. Each will be 254 feet long by 182 feet wide, the platform to be in the center. Over 100,000 feet of lumber will be used in seats and platform.

In previous convention has the city government realized the importance of the Christian Endeavor movement. City officials have practically placed themselves at the command of the Endeavours. The public buildings are to be thrown open to the visitors; the entire police force will be on duty to protect the delegates—not vacating the city during the convention.

The city forester has been instructed to have the famous Boston public gardens decorated during the convention, and to arrange his plants and flowers in harmony with the colors of the convention.

The greatest of all concessions is that the authorities have granted the use of the sacred Boston common for the patriotic demonstration on Saturday, and the location of the tents. This is the very heart of Boston and is a great concession to the Endeavours.

White and crimson will be the convention colors. Quite different to past conventions, no Sunday sessions will be held, the last convention meeting being held on Monday.

Another great feature will be the excursions and pilgrimages to different places of interest near Boston—Hunker Hill, Old South Church, of Paul Revere fame; Faneuil Hall, Washington Elm, Cambridge, etc. Lectures on the places will be delivered by different persons on the spot.

The Seaboard Air Line is in a contract with state excursion manager, A. B. Warner, for a round trip rate of \$2.

Dr. William E. Hall, of New York, the famous lecturer, will address the meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The subject of Dr. Hall's lecture will be "The Mistakes of Ingoldsby." Dr. Hall is one of the brightest and most fascinating speakers on the American platform.

Mr. W. W. Gains will deliver his lecture on the early history of Georgia Baptists at the Glenn street Baptist church tonight. Mr. Gains has devoted much study to his subject and the lecture will be worth hearing. Everybody is invited.

The general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church, which meets in Dallas, Tex., this week, will be one of the strongest and most intellectual bodies of men that has ever convened in the Lone Star State.

As the members of the general assembly are cultured and scholarly men, The Presbyterian church has always maintained the lead in scholarship and a clergyman, before he is qualified to enter the pulpit, must be well equipped for his duties in the theological field. The unity and decorum of the Presbyterian assembly is in keeping with the purity and learning of its delegates. It is perhaps the most austere body of men in the country, representing in their demeanor, as well as in their creed of faith, the traditions of the church of Scotland. The last session of the general assembly met in Atlanta, convened in the First Presbyterian church, shortly after the present edifice was erected. The people of Atlanta have never forgotten the impression made upon them by that session and the various sermons delivered by the Presbyterian divines from the different pulpits of the city are remembered to this day.

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The convention of the brotherhood follows immediately after that of the diocese and the several delegates will attend both

News of the Religious World.

Splash, it is said, has 43,628 priests and monks and 38,292 nuns, in a population of 18,000,000.

Rev. William Nast, the John Wesley of German Methodism, will be eighty-eight years old June 15th.

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A SILVER WEDDING

Which Was Happy and Bright Was
Judge and Mrs. Dorsey's.

SCORES OF THEIR FRIENDS WITH THEM

A Beautiful Celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Judge and Mrs. R. T. Dorsey Last Evening.

The celebration of the silver wedding of Judge and Mrs. R. T. Dorsey last evening was a delightful occasion and was heartily enjoyed by scores of their friends, who gathered at the bidding, and reveled in the pleasures of the day.

There is always that in the celebration of a silver wedding which lends life and light, and the friends of Judge and Mrs. Dorsey found more than ordinary pleasure in the reception tendered them last evening.

Twenty-five years ago last night R. T. Dorsey, then a young lawyer, stood at the altar with Mr. and Mrs. Bell of Fayetteville, and the two were united in the holy bands of matrimony. Since that time the young lawyer has met the expectations of all who knew him and has reaped the rich rewards that were outstanding for his merit, his talent, his invariable courtesy and dauntless courage. He is today one of the leading lawyers of this region of the south and has been conspicuous as a jurist and has held positions of honor and of public trust most worthy.

Mrs. Dorsey, who was Miss Bennett, and a scion of one of the distinguished old Georgia families of that section of the country, was the author of all those charms of lovely woman, whose character so noble and good as to win golden opinions from all who come to know her well, has, indeed, proved all that the better-half of man could be, and there is no happier home in all the world than theirs.

Under such conditions and with such pleasant considerations, it is easy to see how bright and happy was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Their pleasant home was abame with life and brightness last evening and everybody who attended the reception was impressed with the abundant joy that surrounded them on every side and the pretty ideas and little sentiments that had been treasured so long and with such fondness and fidelity.

The house was decorated in the most pleasing and artistic fashion, with flowers and bright lights. A superb orchestra furnished charming music, playing the old airs and love songs of former days, such as made the south the home of romance, of music and song, just after the trying days of the sixties, when "wild war's deadly blast was blown" and gentle peace had returned.

The feast served was delightful and everything in its own peculiar way contributed to the pleasures of the evening.

On the table at supper was a charming cake, heartshaped, frosted over with the delicate cream and iced with the same frosting, and upon this cake was a picture-like little china doll, dressed in the white robes of a bride. The same little doll had ornamented a similar cake at the wedding of the happy husband and wife twenty-five years before, and had been treasured ever since with fondness and affection in the household as something sacred.

There is something pretty in all these little notions. They serve to keep alive the delicate little sentiments that go to make home happy and bright.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE WEEK LOCALLY

Last week was fraught with many social happenings. The children's assemblage given by Miss Gipsy Morris, at the Capital City Club, on Tuesday afternoon, was one of the crowning events of the week. The gate on that occasion was brilliant, illuminated and many of the most fashionable people in the city were present to enjoy the little people in their bright, artistic clothes, and see them dance their new and original figures.

The evening of the same day occurred the zoological party at Mrs. Rhode Hill's.

The entertainment was attended by a large company and was exceedingly interesting.

Mrs. George McCarty won the prize, a handsome silver horn, for guessing correctly the largest number of animals drawn on the blackboard by the artist who took part.

Refreshments were served and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. W. L. Peel opened her spacious home for the miniature show, and it was a pretty scene to behold the beautiful maidens in their costumes as columbines, with skinny gowns and powdered hair.

The exhibition of portraits was especially interesting, since it included not only pictures made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but lovely miniatures of up-to-date girls, and made "out of paper."

The most interesting feature of the meet was that of Miss Julia Collier, the beautiful young daughter of Mr. Charles Collier. The miniature of Mrs. W. B. Lowe, set richly with pearls, was another pleasing work of art.

Mrs. Thomas Meador's bright and artistic home was the scene of the first of a series of musicals given by the music committee of the woman's board, on the same evening. The drawing room were thronged with a fashionable crowd and a delightful musical programme was rendered. Mrs. Meador was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Henry Portier, Miss Virginia Anderson, Mr. J. Frank Meador and Miss Goldsmith. A handsome sum was realized by the ladies.

Friday afternoon the weather, the best for a long time, front of Mrs. L. B. Nelson's home on the Boulevard presented a merry and brilliant scene, the occasion being an old-fashioned Maypole dance, given by the young people under the direction of Miss Gipsy Morris.

The band played gayly for the little folk and they were laughing and happy as they frolicked about under the wide-spreading trees, or swung or played games.

Cakes and cream and flowers were sold during the continuance of the festival and in the evening the older set danced and enjoyed the Maypole festivities until a late hour.

The affair was a brilliant success.

The picture which graces this page is that of one of the most brilliant and attractive young ladies of Tennessee society, Miss Henderson of Knoxville. Miss Henderson has visited in Atlanta and is well known throughout the state. She is the daughter of Colonel W. A. Henderson, general counsel for the Southern railway, western division, and one of the most prominent lawyers in Tennessee. On Tuesday of this week, Miss Henderson will marry one of the best known young men of Georgia, Mr. Sanders McDaniel, son of ex-Governor McDaniel. The marriage is of special interest here in Atlanta, as both of the young people are so well known. This evening Mr. McDaniel and the members of his party will leave in a private car for Knoxville. The marriage will be accompanied by Governor McDaniel and Miss McDaniel, Miss Knight of Anniston; Mr. Frank Block, Mr. John Sloan, Mr. Robert Howell of Anniston; Mr. D. E. Bell, Mr. L. W. Hutchins, Jr., of Lawrenceville. The marriage, which will occur on Tuesday, will be a big event in

Knoxville society. There will be a number of entertainments given in honor of the visitors.

The friends of Mr. C. D. Horne will grieve to learn of the sudden death of her daughter, Miss Isobel. Since her return from the Rocky mountains she has broken rapidly, and her death is a matter of a very short time.

Miss Thornbury's French reception Friday evening was one of the most beautiful entertainments of the season. It was given in honor of Misses Emma Hemphill, Ora Sue Mitchell, Etta Miller, Rose Davis, Sadie Lyett, Eme Hemphill, Gladys Snook, Reba Clark, Beulah Baxter and Julie Lowry Porter, who assisted in the program.

The celebration of the silver wedding of Judge and Mrs. R. T. Dorsey last evening was a delightful occasion and was heartily enjoyed by scores of their friends, who gathered at the bidding, and reveled in the pleasures of the day.

There is always that in the celebration of a silver wedding which lends life and light, and the friends of Judge and Mrs. Dorsey found more than ordinary pleasure in the reception tendered them last evening.

Twenty-five years ago last night R. T. Dorsey, then a young lawyer, stood at the altar with Mr. and Mrs. Bell of Fayetteville, and the two were united in the holy bands of matrimony. Since that time the young lawyer has met the expectations of all who knew him and has reaped the rich rewards that were outstanding for his merit, his talent, his invariable courtesy and dauntless courage. He is today one of the leading lawyers of this region of the south and has been conspicuous as a jurist and has held positions of honor and of public trust most worthy.

Mrs. Dorsey, who was Miss Bennett, and a scion of one of the distinguished old Georgia families of that section of the country, was the author of all those charms of lovely woman, whose character so noble and good as to win golden opinions from all who come to know her well, has, indeed, proved all that the better-half of man could be, and there is no happier home in all the world than theirs.

Under such conditions and with such pleasant considerations, it is easy to see how bright and happy was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Their pleasant home was abame with life and brightness last evening and everybody who attended the reception was impressed with the abundant joy that surrounded them on every side and the pretty ideas and little sentiments that had been treasured so long and with such fondness and fidelity.

The house was decorated in the most pleasing and artistic fashion, with flowers and bright lights. A superb orchestra furnished charming music, playing the old airs and love songs of former days, such as made the south the home of romance, of music and song, just after the trying days of the sixties, when "wild war's deadly blast was blown" and gentle peace had returned.

The feast served was delightful and everything in its own peculiar way contributed to the pleasures of the evening.

On the table at supper was a charming cake, heartshaped, frosted over with the delicate cream and iced with the same frosting, and upon this cake was a picture-like little china doll, dressed in the white robes of a bride. The same little doll had ornamented a similar cake at the wedding of the happy husband and wife twenty-five years before, and had been treasured ever since with fondness and affection in the household as something sacred.

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Their pleasant home was

We hear it on every hand---people say how do you sell so cheap? We tell you frankly, buying and selling for cash enables us to do it. It is not four or five articles in our place cheaper than our neighbors, but nearly every item.

Don't fail to visit

The Ladies' Bazaar.

E. M. BASS & CO.

Dress Goods.

25c Tweeds and fancy Suitings, 9c.
25c Shepherd Checks, only 9c.
30c two tone wool Mixtures, 15c.
30c Cashmires, to close 15c.
40c illuminated Jacquards, only 25c.
50c English Surah Serges, 25c.
50c all wool Imperial Serges, 25c.
75c Crepe Taffetas, only 30c.
75c Crepe Taffetas, only 30c.
\$1.25 fancy wool Mixtures, 40c.
\$1.25 silk finished Henriettes, 50c.

Special for Monday Only.

1,000 yds 42-inch all wool Crepons, only 20c.
1,650 yds 48-inch all wool Crepons, only 30c.

Black Dress Goods.

35c Black Cashmere, only 15c.
50c Surah and Imperial Serges, 30c.
75c 40-inch Crepe Taffetas, only 30c.
\$1.25 silk finished Henriettes, 50c.
\$1.25 imported Diagonal Soliel, 50c.
\$1.25 figured French Biarritz Cloth, 50c.
60c figured Brilliantine, only 30c.
80c Silk Brilliantine, only 40c.
\$1.25 all wool Crepons, only 50c.
\$1.50 silk and wool Crepons, 75c.
\$2.00 silk and wool Crepons, 80c.

Mail orders filled on day received. Inclose money order, check on Atlanta or New York and include postage if you wish us to send by mail.

The Ladies' Bazaar.

Silks.

30c figured Chinas, only 10c.
30c Kai Kai wash Silks, 25c.
50c Gauffre Silks, evening shades and black, new designs, 20c.
60c Taffetas, checks and stripes, 30c.
80c 22-inch Taffetas in beautiful styles, stripes and checks, 40c.
80c China and Pongee Silks, 30c.
\$1.00 figured Chinas, extra wide 40c.
\$1.25 two tone brocaded Silks, 75c.
\$2.00 24-inch Taffeta Plisse, only 90c.
\$1.50 brocaded Dresden Taffetas, 90c.
\$1.00 44-inch silk Chiffons, only 50c.

Black Silks.

50c Gauffre Silks, only 20c.
60c black Chinas, only 20c.
80c black Chinas, only 50c.
\$1.25 black satin Duchesse, silk back and front; special 60c.
\$2.00 black satin Duchesse, silk back and front; special 90c.
\$1.60 all silk Gros Grain, extra wide and grand value 90c.
\$1.75 24-inch all silk Armures, true value \$1.75, only 90c.
\$1.60 all silk Taffeta Plisse, special for Monday 75c.

From 8 to 10 O'Clock Monday:

1,000 Boys' Shirt Waists, sizes from 5 to 15, for 10c.
500 ounces Zephyr at 2c an ounce.
1,650 yards figured Batiste, worth 10c and 25c, for 4-7-8c, 10 yards to a customer.

From 10 to 11 O'Clock

OUR SECRET BARGAIN.

From 11 to 12 o'clock, 1,000 yards Organies, worth from 25 to 40c, for 10c.
2,500 yards all Linen Torchon Laces at 40c yard.

FROM 2 TO 4 P. M. MONDAY:

500 pairs Ladies' Fabric, Silk and Gauntlet Gloves, black and colors, worth 50c, for 10c.
850 Men's unlaundered Shirts, all sizes, at 25c.
2,200 pairs Men's fast black, full, regular made Socks, worth 25c, at 10c.

This will be a grand sale. No one should miss it. Remember the place—the great cash house of

E. M. BASS & CO., THE LADIES' BAZAAR, 37 WHITEHALL

Linings and Findings.

Best skirt Cambrics, only 3 1-2c.
20c Gilbert's Silesias, only 10c.
20c Gilbert's Percalines, only 10c.
Best 4 yards Velveteen binding, 8c.
Good Hooks and Eyes, only 1c.
Best Patent Hooks and Eyes, 5c.
Best 10-inch Bunch bones, 5c.
25c best Linen canvas, only 15c.
Good dress Shields, only 4c.
Best all linen Grass Cloth, 9 1-2c.
Good Hair Cloth, only 8c.
Best plain or barred Crinolines 7c.
35c best linen Collar canvas, 15c.
75c genuine Hair Cloth, only 40c.
Every new idea in linings and findings to be had at our counters.

Men's Fixings.

\$1 unlaundered Shirts, only 40c.
50c Undershirts, now only 25c.
\$1 French Balbriggan Shirts, 49c.
10c Men's Socks, only 5c.
\$1 Scriven Drawers, only 75c.
35c all silk Windus Ties, 10c.
25c anti-Guyot Suspenders, 15c.

Umbrellas.

\$1.25 Gloria Umbrellas, special 50c.
50c Silk Umbrellas, only 75c.
\$2 Silk Umbrellas, only 90c.
\$2.50 Silk Umbrellas, only \$1.48.
One lot Umbrellas, none worth less than \$2 and up to \$4, your choice, 90c.

Hosiery.

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, only 5c.
Children's Fast Black Hose, 5c.
35c Ladies' Silk finished, full, regular made 40 gauge Fast Black Hose, 10c.
Silk finished Tan Hose, 10c.
50c fancy colored Hose, only 25c.
\$1 fancy colored Hose, only 40c.
\$1 Silk and Lisle Hose, 49c.

Gloves.

50c Silk Mitts, extra heavy, 25c.
60c Silk Mitts, extra heavy, 30c.
75c Kayser Silk tipped Gloves, 49c.
\$1 Kayser Silk tipped Gloves, 75c.
\$1.25 Kid Gloves, only 60c.
\$2 Kid Gloves, blacks, tans, grays, white and pearl grays, all sizes, 90c.

Wash Dress Goods

15c black and white Satinens, 5c.
50 pieces new Plisse only 7 1-2c.
15c Zephyr Ginghams only 5c.
10c Lancaster Ginghams only 5c.
12 1-2c short-length Percales, 7c.
20c new style Ducks, cheap, 10c.
25c Jacomets, beautiful designs, 10c.
20c Piques, stripes and checks, 10c.
15c Crepons, colors and black, 7 1-2c.
25c French Chambray Zephrys, 10c.
20c French Imperial Ducks, 10c.
25c 40-inch Satsumas only 10c.
All the new colors in striped Percales for waists.

SHOES SHOES SHOES

Our Stock is brimful of startling values.
\$1.00 Ladies' fine Oxfords only 40c.
\$1.50 Ladies' fine Oxfords only 90c.
\$1.75 Ladies' fine Oxfords only \$1.25.
\$2.25 Ladies' fine Oxfords only \$1.48.
\$1.50 Ladies' fine Dongola Button Boots, worth \$1.50, now 90c.
\$2.00 Ladies' fine Button Boots, \$1.39.
\$2.50 Ladies' Kid Button Boots, \$1.65.
\$3.00 Ladies' Kid Button Boots, \$1.98.
\$2.00 Men's fine Shoes for \$1.35.
\$2.25 Men's fine Shoes for \$1.50.
\$3.25 Men's Oxford Ties only \$1.98.
\$6.00 Men's hand-turned Shoes, \$4.25.
Grand values in Misses' and Children's Shoes from 25c to \$1.00 a pair. Don't fail to visit our Shoe Department.

Laces and Embroideries.

We guarantee to save you not less than half your money on Laces and Embroideries. Don't fail to see our Laces and Embroideries. Many new things added this week.

Table Linens.

50c Turkey Oil Red Damask, 25c.
50c bleached linen Damask, 25c.
75c German Satin Damask, 49c.
\$1.25 German Satin Damask, 75c.
\$1.50 German Satin Damask, 90c.
75c all-linen Napkins only 49c.
\$1.25 all-linen Napkins only 75c.
\$1.50 all-linen Napkins only 98c.
15c all-linen Towels only 5c.
50c all-linen Towels only 25c.
20c all-linen Crash only 10c.

Special.

1,000 Counterpanes, worth \$1.50, Monday only 75c.

An extra force employed to serve the crowds this week. Our delivery service has been increased and we can now deliver your goods on good time.

E. M. BASS & CO.

37 Whitehall St.

Great Special Sale For MONDAY ONLY.

Such reductions on everything that it is to your interest to buy now, while we are closing out these goods at such sacrificing prices.

CASH PRICES

ON Granite Iron Ware and Blue and White Enamelled Ware.

Drip Coffee Pots.

1 qt.....4c. 2 qt.....70c. 4 qt.....90c.

Dishpans.

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D. C. BACON, President.

M. F. AMOROUS, General Manager.

ATLANTA LUMBER COMPANY.

With our retail yards in THIS CITY, and Operating Sawmills in DODGE COUNTY, we have superior facilities for supplying

ALL KINDS AND GRADES OF LUMBER AT THE LOWEST PRICES!

AMOSKEAG BRAND SHINGLES, "BONE DRY" FLOORING, Dressed in Atlanta, Perfect Matched and Smoothly Dressed.

PATENT SHEATHING LATH, BALED SHAVINGS, TWIST BALUSTERS and COLUMNS, AND GRILL WORK, YELLOW PINE AND HARDWOOD MANTELS.

Our Interior Finish Factory is Supplied with - - - - -

**Choicest Mahogany, Quartered Oak,
Sycamore, Birch, Cherry, Cypress,
Poplar, White Pine and Maple.**

ONLY THE HIGHEST QUALITY !

.... WE ARE PREPARED TO FINISH RESIDENCE, STORES, BANKS and OFFICES.

TELEPHONES

752, Office, 17 South Forsyth Street.
897, Yards and Factory, Humphries and Glenn Streets.

ATLANTA, GA.

TOOK A HARD FIGHT.

But Atlanta Gets the Next Great Convention of the Doctors.

The capture of the next convention of the American Medical Association for Atlanta was a great stroke for this city and for the south.

The convention was not secured until after a rather strong fight had been made, and after the smoke and flame of the contest had cleared away the Atlanta delegates were happy that the battle had developed so many staunch friends for the south.

Georgia and Atlanta delegates in attendance upon the convention figured prominently in its proceedings. Several Atlanta physicians were elected to important positions. The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. Harmen and Mrs. C. M. Gallagher are invited to attend the meeting.

HARMSEN—The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. Harmen and Mrs. C. M. Gallagher are invited to attend the meeting.

NOTES BOUGHT—J. R. Tolleson, Innman building.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform you that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. It will timely use thousands of households and has been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have complaints if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocom, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

HARMSEN—The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Carl O. Harmen and Mrs. C. M. Gallagher are invited to attend the meeting.

NOTES BOUGHT—J. R. Tolleson, Innman building.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

\$5,000 FOR BEST DAIRY business, consisting of full-blown cows, 12 acres of land, 12 acres of dwelling, etc.; dairy sold separately if desired for \$2,000.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The Milledgeville Chronicle newspaper plant to reliable party on good terms. Address: Ellen J. Dorton, State library, Atlanta, Ga.

TO SELL OR LEASE—The Milledgeville Chronicle newspaper plant to reliable party on good terms. Address: Ellen J. Dorton, State library, Atlanta, Ga.

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PART 2 THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. 11 TO 20.

VOL XXII

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

KEELY COMPANY KEELY COMPANY Plain and Fancy WASH GOODS

Auction Bargains Without Riff-Raff



Cotton is Queen of Summer Textiles. Cotton is enthroned in shelves and on counters. Cotton is imperial and regnant here because the prices of rich and elegant weaves have dropped many points below the market. With great, honest manufacturers taxing the skill and economy of men and machinery producing Dress Stuffs that are fine, novel and beautiful, it is next to criminal for merchants to collect and offer masses of trash that are dear and undesirable at any price. The goods we quote today are from the Auction Sales of E. S. Jaffray & Co., and include Fabrics famed for character—the creations of master artists. Subject every yard to rigid examination, and bear in mind that our personal guarantee of "value as represented" is an element in each transaction.

Every Item Worth 40 per cent. More than Quoted



This will be a gala week in the White Goods section. Prices are all awry just in the very nick of time. Nothing could have been more opportune than the bargains in these snowy stuffs. Women are wanting them for many uses. We were never in better selling readiness. You'd better be among the first comers.

Checked Nainsook.....	5c, 7 1-2c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c
Plain Nainsook.....	25c, 30c, 35c
Plain English Nainsook.....	20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c
French Nainsook, 48 in.....	25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c
English Long Cloth.....	12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c
India Linon, 32 to 40 in.....	9c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c
Batiste Claire.....	20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c
Masalia, 40 in. wide.....	35c, 40c, 50c
Checked Egyptian Dimity.....	15c, 20c, 25c, 35c
Striped Egyptian Dimity.....	25c, 35c, 40c
Dotted White Swiss.....	5c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c
French Organdie, 68 in.....	39c, 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c
Revere Striped India Linen 12 1-2c.....	15c
Mull Checks.....	40c
Linen Lawn, 36 in.....	40c

thick Muslin to filmy Swiss is here for you to see and buy at the lowest price. All-Wool Printed Challies, worth 50c, at 35c

Laces and Embroideries

Money saving at every point. Our offerings in Laces and Embroideries give a complete, unique and exceptional idea of what a store should be. The display is all of this season's importations, and the variety of patterns is thoroughly good. There is grace, there is worth and unparalleled cheapness in the collection. Every novelty that is in demand from heavy Net to delicate Chiffon and from

for you to see and buy at the lowest price. All-Wool Printed Challies, worth 50c, at 35c

Very Special: Colored Wash Goods

2 cases Cotton Challies, worth 5c.	Our price 3c
2 cases Cotton Crepon, worth 8c.	Our price 5c
3 cases nice Percale, worth 12 1-2c.	Our price 7 1/2c
1 case Swiss Batiste, worth 15c.	Our price 7 1/2c
1 case Crinkled Plisse, worth 12 1-2c.	Our price 7 1/2c

UNPRECEDENTED PRICES.

Plain, Striped and Checked Black Lawns, worth up to 40c.
Our prices 10c, 15c, 20c.

White Corded and Figured Piques, worth up to 65c.
Our price from 12c to 40c.

Cotton Faille Francaise, pink, blue, navy, corn and red.

Grand Values in

Black Dress Goods.

3,000 yards fine Black Dress Goods including: All-wool Plain and Figured Nun's Veiling, Seed Dotted and Diamond-figured Hard-finished Serges, Figured Mohair Brilliantines and half a score of other popular weaves worth up to 85c the yard.

OUR
PRICE..... 49c

Closing-out Crepons!

way. There'll be liberal appreciation of the arbitrary reductions when the news gets 'round. Some are All Wool; others Silk and Wool.

Shirt Waists!

departments in the store. It is "thronged thickly by shrewd buyers from early until late. There's a big call for Silk Skirt Waists; we have them in all the swell styles. There's a long and loud call for Washable Shirt Waists. We have the novelties in Madras, Percale, Lawns, Duck, Penang, Cheviot and the like. They come in stripes, dots and figures. Have laundered collars and cuffs, full fronts, plaited backs, fancy yokes and big sleeves. Don't buy before looking here.

Silks!

Plain Black Indias	39c	This is one of the most popular	Women's China Silk Shirt Waists, stripes and checks, full front, collar and belt finished with bows, large sleeves, tan, gray, pink, blue, regular \$5.50 value; our price	3.50
Silk-figured Black Indias.....	49c	and Plaids in Rustle Taffeta, Striped Satins, Ratchet Silks, Novelty Pompadour, Cameo Faconne Silks, Black Armures, Satin Duchesses, Rhadimirs, Gros Grains and Self-figured Peau d' Soies, worth up to \$1.50.	Our price only	5.98
Striped Grecian Crepes	60c			
Shepherd Plaid Taffetas	98c			

Table Linens and Towels!

are spread out before you. This week we have a conquering host of Linens. Marvelous specials in Damasks. Beautifully bleached, flawlessly finished, finest flax, daintiest designs. Towels, Fringed Lunch Sets and Napkins are marching out to the same low price music.

Bleached Table Linen, extra heavy, made for hard, long wear, equal to the best Bensley Damask, regular 75c value; our 49c price

Full Double Scotch and Irish Damask, 70 inch wide, snow white and in all the artistic designs, regular \$1 value; our price

Full Double Satin finish, Dresden Damask, 72 inches wide, peerlessly bleached, six exquisite patterns, regular \$1.25 value; our price

Huckaback Towels, heavy, all pure flax, bleached, with hemmed ends and fringed, size 26x42 inches, regular 80c value; our price

Huckaback Towels, strictly all linen, already washed, soft and spongy, hemmed ends, red and blue borders, size 22x32 inches, regular 80c value; our price

Damask Towels of fine French manufacture, knotted fringe, brightened by borders of red, blue and orange, large size, regular 80c value; our price

As per cut, nickel case, American movement, good time keeper. \$1.50

If you want your watch, clock or jewelry repaired and get first-class work at low rates, send it to me. I will do your repairs or cleaning, \$1; crystals fitted, \$1.50

If it is not convenient for you to send your clock, mail postal clock, will send for it and repair it. On all work done outside of the city, charges will be paid one way.

If your watch or clock does not keep time, I have refitted the jewelry department, and have a complete stock.

If you wish to make your purchases here, as you can save about half others charge.

LEONARD SNIDER

82-84 Whitehall Street.

A VAST DIFFERENCE

In Former Prices and

The Prices of Today AT M. Rich & Bros

THOSE who have HOTELS, BOARDING HOUSES and PRIVATE RESIDENCES, will find in the next week the most wonderful price cutting in the history of the FURNITURE and CARPET trade. We are commencing the prices that will tell in the furnishing of Atlanta's new buildings.

THE LARGEST OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH

Can and will give you the

LOWEST PRICES—

Ever had in the City of Atlanta.

Our \$15.00 Solid Oak..... 3 pieces..... Bedroom Suit, Only \$10.00
Our \$16.50 Solid Oak..... 3 pieces..... Bedroom Suit, Only \$11.25
Our \$18.00 Solid Oak..... 3 pieces..... Bedroom Suit, Only \$12.50
Our \$20.00 Solid Oak..... 3 pieces..... Bedroom Suit, Only \$13.50

And so on down the line of prices.

Our 5-piece Oak Upholstered Parlor Suit, Only..... \$10.00
Our 5-piece Oak Parlor Suits, Overstuffed..... \$20.00

Cut prices all through the stock. Dining Room, Library, Hall and Office Furniture, all cut down from 30 to 50 per cent. We are sending the city trade a long list of prices that no other house south can touch.

FLOOR COVERINGS.

Extra Super Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, only..... 30c Yard
Best Super Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, only..... 40c Yard
Best Super all Wool Ingrain Carpets, made and laid, only..... 50c Yard
Tapestry Brussels Carpets, made and laid, only..... 50c Yard
50 Patterns Best Tapestry Brussels, made and laid, only.... 62 1-2c Yard
Best Moquettes and Axminsters, made and laid, at..... \$1.00 Yard
China and Japan Straw Mattings, 10c, 12 1-2c and..... 15c Yard
Hearth Rugs, only..... 75c Each
36x72 Fur Rugs, worth \$2.50, now..... \$1.50
All kinds of woven Rugs, only half price.

HASSOCKS—Our \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Hassocks, will sell this week, choice, for..... 50c

CUT PRICES

During the week. This space does not permit it here. The prices are cut all through the Department.

DRY GOODS

Bargain Counter

Of fine Dress Goods at 27 1-2c a yard. All kinds of Silk and Wool Suitings, Cheviots, etc., that formerly sold at 50c, will be sold this week at 27 1-2c a yard.

46-in. two-toned Covert that was 75c a yard, is marked down to 50c a yard.

All French Suitings, all wool, that were 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25, now marked down to 50c a yard.

All Dress Goods marked \$1 and \$1.25 will be sold at 75c a yard.

All Wool Challies marked down from 60c to 35c a yard.

SILKS! SILKS!

2,500 yards Wash Silks at 35c a yard, sold all over at 45c.

100 pieces new 27-inch China Silks, worth 75c, this week at 50c a yard.

113 pieces new bright striped Taffeta Silks, worth 90c; this week at 75c a yard.

183 pieces striped, figured and Dresden patterns marked down from \$1.75; now \$1 and \$1.25 a yard.

93 pieces printed Chinas, 28-inch, beautiful designs, worth \$1; go this week at 75c.

THE GREAT FAD--80 pieces new Paris Novelties, large plaid effects, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 a yard.

WASH FABRICS.

"Perfectly lovely!" "No such line of pretty Wash Fabrics in town!" is heard every hour in the day at our Cotton Goods Department, and it's the truth. Come and see the line.

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

THE MARKET BOILED

Yesterday's Session on the Stock Exchange
the Most Exciting in Years.

COMMISSION HOUSES OVERWHELMED

And Brokers Fall Over Each Other in Endeavoring To Execute Orders—Orders—Cotton Advanced Five Points.

New York, May 11.—Today's two hours' session at the stock exchange was the most exciting in years. The opening was strong, but later on there were little realization, and speculation displayed a little irregularity. After over 100,000 bales had been sold again, and for a time the market boiled. In fact, speculation had every tribute of a genuine boom. Commission houses were simply overwhelmed with orders and the inquiry embraced the gilded shares, as well as the stocks of companies in the hands of receivers. The excitement was great, and the brokers fell over each other in their endeavor to execute orders. Purchases for foreign account cut an important figure in the dealings. New York Central is attracting great attention abroad, and at the close there was still a number of orders for foreign account unexecuted. The demand for cotton by the powers on the part of foreigners was easily explained. In London cash money is quoted as low as 4½ per cent, while New York Central and other standard stocks return anywhere from 4 to 5 per cent per annum. Today's shipments of securities to Europe were the largest for a long time. The buying of Grangers was due to the improved outlook for the crops. Distilleries, sugar, and tobacco are reported to be the largest holder of rations; the bulls had comparatively little difficulty in getting the stock up to 115. The Villard party was certain that the harvest there will also be disappointing, and as the American Sugar Company is reported to be the largest holder of rations, the bulls had the stock up to 115. The Villard party was conspicuous in the Northern Pacific, Oregon Navigation and North American. Of these, Navigation scored the greatest gain, and sold up 5 points to 29. The trading was again strong, and the rest of the stocks for the two hours footing up 33,000. Advances in prices ranged from 1 to 10 per cent. Great Northern preferred rose 10 to 12 bid; Sugar 10 to 11½; Baltimore and Ohio 2 to 6½; Whisky 2 to 2½; Northern Pacific preferred 2 to 2½; St. Paul and Duluth 2 to 2½; St. Paul and Duluth preferred 5 to 6; Omaha 2 to 2½; to 11½ and the remainder of the list, and from 1½ to 1¾ per cent. There was good buying of the low-priced issues and Wheeling and Lake Erie, Louisville, New Albany and Chicago, Atchison, Reading, Erie and Pittsburgh, and Western preferred, all showing gains. The specialists closed buoyant with prices for the active issues 4 to 2½ per cent above yesterday's figures. The specialists show gains of 2½ to 10 per cent. Sales of listed stocks aggregated 288,000 shares and of unlisted stocks 50,000 shares.

The railway and miscellaneous bond market was also buoyant. Sales were \$3,229,000.

Treasury balances: Coin \$82,234,000; currency, \$58,022,000.

Money on call 1½ per cent; prime mercantile paper 3½ per cent. Sterling exchange is weak with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.85/\$4.86 for 60 days and \$4.86/\$4.87 for 90 days; posted rates \$4.86/\$4.87; commercial bills \$4.86/\$4.87.

Silver 65¢.

Government bonds strong.

State bonds firm.

Railroad bonds buoyant.

Silver at the board was dull.

London, May 11.—10 a.m.—Par silver closed at 29½d. Paris' offices quote 3 per cent recent, 10 francs, 62½ centimes for the account.

The following are closing rates:

A. M. Cotton Oil... 107 Mobile & Ohios... 20½

do, pref. 78½ Nash, Chas. & St. L... 10½

A. M. Sugar Refin... 107½ N. C. & S. C. 10½

do, 19½ 19½ N. C. & S. C. 10½

A. M. Tobacco... 108½ N. J. Central 10½

A. M. & Santa Fe... 98½ Norfolk & Western 12½

Baltimore & Ohio... 108½ N. Y. & N. E. 10½

C. & P. & St. L... 108½ N. W. 10½

Chicago & Alton... 128 Northwest 10½

C. & P. & St. L... 108½ Pacific Mail... 27

Del. Lack. & W... 125½ Peoria & St. Louis 10½

Del. & Cal. & St. L... 108½ St. Paul... 68

do, pref. 68½ Silver Certificates... 67½

Ed. & G. & St. L... 108½ T. C. I... 24½

Lake Erie & West... 108½ Tex. Pac... 12½

Lake Superior... 108½ Union Pacific... 17½

Louis. & N. W. 108½ Vicksburg, N. Y. & P... 10½

N. & N. & C. & C... 108½ Western Union... 10½

Manhattan Consol... 110½ Wisconsin & St. L... 10½

N. C. & S. C. & C... 108½ do, pref. 10½

Tenn. New & St. L... 108½ do, 10½ 10½

Virginia & St. L... 108½ do, 10½ 10½

do, 10½ 10½ do, pref. 10½

Miss. Consol. & C... 108½ do, 10½ 10½

Missouri Pac... 29 do, 10½ 10½

St. Louis & San Fran... 108½ do, 10½ 10½

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DOINGS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

WE SHUT THEM OUT

The Nashville Ball Team Was Not in the Game.

THE CROWD WAS A GREAT ONE

The Boys Played a Game That Could Not Well Be Beaten—How the Teams Now Stand.

The third week of the Southern Association of baseball clubs is now a thing of the past.

None of the clubs of the association have yet made a circuit of the playgrounds but enough has been seen of the work of the teams to warrant an estimate of the worth of the various members of the association.

It is on every corner that a fan can be found willing to risk a prediction as to the result in the pennant race, but the majority of those fans carry no weight with them. Those best posted, who have been watching the race since it began are still inclined to back the estimate The Constitution placed upon the teams during the first week of the race. In that estimate the Little Rocks, the Memphis and the Chattanooga were selected as the strong members of the association and the work since then has verified the selection with the exception of Chattanooga. That team is yet at the bottom of the list, with but one game to its credit, and that game was the one it took in Atlanta on the opening day of the season. Somehow the team has been unable to break away from the streak of defeats that has been coming to it, but there are still those who pin some faith to the team and those who will make a good showing before the season ends. The Little Rocks, which were then away down, have, while playing away from home, forced their way right along to the front and are now among the teams to which the lovers of the game are constantly glancing. Memphis has shown the good strong hand that was accredited to it by The Constitution, and it may be that it will move up higher this next week.

Good Luck We've Had.

The Nashvilles have had a streak of luck, everything that they wanted that morning of good ball playing, has put them in the lead. That there are several teams in the league stronger than that Stallings aggregation there is no doubt. It is a good, scrappy lot of players, but the Atlantas clearly outclass them and any impartial lover of the game will not only quickly see that, but will readily admit it. Even Stalling's team has not been beaten.

In the early part of the game with the Atlantas in Nashville last week he said,

"There was a whole lot of luck that came our way, and it came in great lumps, and came just when we needed it most. We had it all our way it seemed, and I was never so much pleased in my life. I don't want to jolly you people, but I tell you right now, that Nashville is no other club in the association can take three straight from the Atlantas." In the second game it was true that luck—and there is luck in baseball—cuts a caper now and then, and it cut one when Knowles and his boys were over in Pete Turney's town. No, that Atlanta team can hold its own with the best of them and there is no 'joshin' in what I am saying. It may be that they could be an increase in the strength of the team by giving Knowles another good pitcher or two. He has a Jim dandy in that Kid Wood, and before the season is over that youngster will have some of the best of them guessing. Watch what I say, now."

A glance at the standing of the clubs and comparison with the standing shown last Sunday will give the reader a good opportunity to size up the teams and their worth a little better than could have been done last week.

IT WAS A GREAT GAME, And the Atlantas Put Up the Best End of It.

It was a royal reception the Atlantas had yesterday afternoon when Knowles and his men lined up for a fight with the Nashvilles.

Nearly if not quite fifteen hundred people were on the grounds when the members of the team faced the players from Nashville—a team which took three straight from the Atlantas.

And rarely has a southern ball park presented a more enthusiastic, demonstrative and loyal thousand and half of spectators than was shown at Athletic park yesterday afternoon. It was a crowd every one of whom was a fan, a rooter and a pusher for winning out. Of the large throng there was not one present who did not pull hard for the Atlantas, and the support the spectators gave urged the players on to better work—work which will win almost any game of ball in the southern association.

The grandstand, while not crowded, was more than well filled, the large element of the attendance being ladies, quite a number of whom came from the military post, accompanied by the officers who are fond of the game. The bleachers were packed, and it was from that neck of the woods that the good, hard, genuine noise came, and it was noise which was worth all the coaching a dozen like Mike Trost can do, and that is saying lots, for Trost is one of the best coaches in the association, if not the very best.

The Grandstand Crowd.

The crowd was on the grounds more than half an hour before the game began and continued to come in until after the third inning. Those who came first had an opportunity to see the preliminary work of the two teams, and the actions of the Nashvilles were watched closely by the spectators. The Atlantas took a turn at the work, the crowd went as critical, but soon came to the conclusion that the members of the Atlanta team had made a wonderful improvement since leaving home, notwithstanding the fact that the club had only won four out of nine games played—coming in very few visiting teams—during the season. There is every reason to believe that the Atlantas, with the possible exception of McBride, was in better form, apparently, when Knowles carried the men away. It was easy to see that McDade was quite lame, and in no condition for work, but apart from the limp he got up when he tried to move and was shown in a new form that he has yet presented. The other members of the team went into the game with a dash, nerve and boldness which made the spectators confident of their victory in the game and hopeful of their ability to win out.

Upon the Nashville team the spectators looked with an air of inquisitiveness. They all seemed to want to fathom the strength of the members of the team, if that could be done before the game began. There are few cities in the south, if any, which can present a crowd of spectators more thoroughly interested in the game than the Atlantas. The games that the Atlantas play is not only a fan, but a devout fan. Captain W. L. Kemp hails from Albany. He is a veteran college ball player and his position on the team is in left field. He is a brilliant fielder and a safe hitter. B. Nally, the catcher, can't be improved on. He comes from Villa Rica, and has been playing ball here in college for at least a two-hitter. But Hornung hit him against the wind and leaped into the air and pulled down that ball which left Butler's batting average where it was before he came to Atlanta.

McCann and Coyle were for Trost to Friel after Coyle had been given his base on a closed Nashville's hopes for an inheritance of the homeplate that inning.

A three-hitter by Smith in the second, where he camped because of the outs, was all that Atlanta could do in the second.

Two singles—one by Sweeney and one by Myers—in the second was all Nashville could do, neither of the men getting a base on a closed base.

One, two, three it was for Atlanta in the third, and history repeated itself in that inning when the Nashvilles came to bat.

Up to the fifth inning the game was as critical, but soon came to the conclusion that the Atlantas had made a wonderful improvement since leaving home, notwithstanding the fact that the club had only won four out of nine games played—coming in very few visiting teams—during the season. There is every reason to believe that the Atlantas, with the possible exception of McBride, was in better form, apparently, when Knowles carried the men away.

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looked with an air of inquisitiveness. They have all made a study not only of the game, but of the players that go to make up both players and many of them are a far from opinion of a ball player before he has made good his work on the field. It was that kind of a crowd that looked upon the Nashvilles yesterday afternoon.

A single by Myers was all the Nashvilles could do in that inning.

Bases on balls and a hit by McDade in the sixth gave Atlanta one more. Then in the eighth the Atlantas added two by bases on balls, an error and a hit.

Wood's work was of the highest character. He was heady, cool and quick. He was handled well by Armstrong, and the work he did is worth that will win out in almost any game a pitcher undertakes. He was given the most faultless support, and the men behind him did the work that will push any pitcher on to a winning

game single, and the sprinting pitcher crossed the plate. Knowles stole second and Armstrong doubled, but the ball went to left field and Knowles could not get further than that base. Fiel hit the third out, and Atlanta had added but one run.

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THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily, Weekly, Sunday.

The Daily, per year \$6.00
The Sunday (20 to 36 pages) 2.00
The Daily and Sunday, per year 8.00
The Weekly, per year 1.00
All editions sent prepaid to any address.
At these rates we raise all subscriptions
but those made in advance.

Contributors must keep copies of articles.
We do not undertake to return rejected
MSS., and will not do so unless accompa-
nied by return postage.

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The Constitution can be found on sale at
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WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.
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SEATTLE, WASH.—Puget Sound News Co.
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for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or
67 cents per calendar month, delivered to
any address by carrier in the city of At-
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30 PAGES.
ATLANTA, GA., May 12, 1895.

Carlisle Versus Carlisle.

There is nothing more pitiable in our
political history than the decline and
fall of John G. Carlisle, formerly speaker
of the house of representatives and
senator from Kentucky, and now a mem-
ber of the Cleveland cabinet. Mr.

Carlisle began his career as a democrat.
He represented the stout-hearted and
true-hearted democrats of Kentucky,
and he did it with a courage and an
ability that attracted the attention of
democrats in all parts of the country.
He achieved a national reputation, and,
for a time, he was the most prominent
of southern democrats.

At that time, Mr. Carlisle represented
the party and the people. He stood for
democratic principles. When the people,
through their representatives, were making
a strong but unsuccessful effort to
repeal the demonetization act of
1873, which became a law by means of
fraud and corruption, Mr. Carlisle was
foremost among those who stood for the
cause of the people.

He voted for the free coinage bill
that passed the house in 1877, and when
the compromise measure, known as the
Bland-Allison act, was sent to the house,
Mr. Carlisle made it the occasion of a
memorable speech which established
him at once as the leading democrat of
that congress.

The main portions of this speech we
print today, so that the people of the
south may have an opportunity of com-
paring the utterances of John G. Carlisle,
the democrat and friend of the people,
with the attitude of John G. Carlisle,
the promoter of Clevelandism and ad-
vocate of Shylock's policy of gold mon-
opolists.

The most pitiable feature of Mr. Car-
lisle's case lies in the fact that when-
ever this speech is referred to by any of
his former friends and admirers, he re-
fuses to come out in a manly way and
say that while it represented his views
at that time, his mind has undergone a
total change on the subject. On the
contrary, he resorts to subterfuge and
quibbling. In response to at least two
correspondents recently he disposes of
the whole speech by declaring that he
"never made a speech nor wrote a line in
favor of the free coinage of silver."

A more miserable quibble than this
could not be imagined. Mr. Carlisle had
declared in his speech that he was op-
posed to the "free" coinage of both gold
and silver—his idea being that holders
of both gold and silver bullion should
pay the mint charges. It was a narrow
and silly suggestion to inject into a
great speech, but it is there. But Mr.
Carlisle knew then, and he knows now,
that the term "free coinage," as used in
ordinary discussion, bears no relation
to mint charges, or any technical
details, but means "unlimited."

In his speech Mr. Carlisle said he was
"opposed to the free coinage of either
gold or silver, but in favor of unlimited
coinage of both metals upon terms of
exact equality." In the same speech he
said: "I know that the world's stock of
the precious metals is none too large, and
I see no reason to apprehend that it
will ever become so." This declaration
he followed by an eloquent and patriotic
denunciation of the conspiracy here and
in Europe to destroy one-half of the
metallic money of the world as "the
most gigantic crime of this or any other
age."

All this, as well as the prophecy he
made, is set down in full in the speech
which we print elsewhere. To that
speech we invite the attention of the
thoughtful reader, reminding him that
the man who gave utterance to the
sentiments therein set forth is at this
moment making arrangements to go on the
stump for the sole purpose of promoting
the very policy which he denounced as
the most gigantic crime of the age. He
is to make speeches in Kentucky and
deliver an address before the Memphis
goldbug convention in behalf of the very
scheme which he declared would "en-
tail more misery and suffering on the
human race than all the wars, pesti-
lences and famines that ever occurred
in the history of the world."

Surely Mr. Carlisle must have a very
low opinion of the people who once
honored and trusted him to believe that

the voice of the man who has deserted
their cause for the sake of official position
could have any influence. The
southern people are poor, but at least
they are honest. They have never yet
been caught in the act of honoring men
who have betrayed them, and Mr.
Carlisle's present attitude can only ex-
cite feelings of pity, mingled with dis-
gust, that a man strong in the affections
of the people and with a great
future before him as a leader of his
party should throw it all away for a
miserable mess of official pottage.

Chairman Clay's Interview.

The Constitution presents today an
authorized interview from Hon. A. S.
Clay, chairman of the state democratic
executive committee, in which he deals
specifically with the currency question.

Mr. Clay is one of the most conspicuous
democrats in Georgia—a man whose
indomitable energy, whose loyal service to
the party, whose unwavering integrity,
and whose devotion to democracy
have put him in a position of such prominence
in party councils that no man can
question the significance of his utterances
or the importance of his advice as
affecting the future of the democratic
party in Georgia.

Many of the facts and incidents in this
narrative have never appeared in print
before, and the whole story is one of absorbing
interest. Without going into the
details of our correspondent's able
article, we desire to emphasize one or
two important points in it. The lines
built by the three corporations referred
to seem to have suffered more from
railway wrecks than from natural
causes and ordinary business misfortunes.
The Georgia Southern and Florida,
the Macon and Birmingham and the
Macon and Atlantic, when completed,
will be very important transportation
lines. They run through productive agri-
cultural regions, tap the great iron and
coal fields and traverse the pine and
orange belts. We feel confident that
they have a great future before them
and that they will become valuable links
in one or more prosperous systems.

Unfortunately, these enterprises at
an early period in their history attracted
the attention of certain litigious persons,
most of them members of the legal profes-
sion, and from that time until now
the roads have been involved in a suc-
cession of suits, charter fights, injunctions
and receiverships. Lawyers' fees
and court costs have been piled up
mountain high, and the original stock-
holders and their widows and orphans
have been compelled to stand aside and
see their investments swallowed up by
an expensive and unnecessary litigation.
Only the other day, at Macon, when an
installment on the sale of the Georgia
Southern and Florida was paid in \$117,
\$100 of the amount went to the lawyers
and court officials, and it is safe to say
that the sum total of the fees and costs
growing out of the litigation over the
Macon and Atlantic and the Macon and
Birmingham will run up to a very large
sum.

The parties bringing these suits had a
legal right to bring them; the lawyers
and officials had a right to their remu-
neration and the judges and receivers
acted within the limits of the law.
All this is admitted, but it is beginning
to be very evident that there is something
defective in a system of laws which
makes it possible for our great
transportation and industrial enterprises
to be literally eaten up by lawyers and
court officials. It is against the best inter-
ests of the public to have so much
litigation, and the belief is growing that
the Rothschild bond syndicate can make
any money by purchasing refined gold at
a premium when the coined gold remains
at par.

It is as easy as falling off a log—and even
easier. By purchasing the gold at
the refineries the syndicate keeps it out
of the mints. This will aid in making
another bond issue necessary. And every
dollar of gold that the government has
bought under the Cleveland administration
has been bought at a premium.

The gold that the Rothschild syndicate
sold to the government was bought at
an immense premium. The syndicate
has acknowledged to pocketing ten millions
on the transaction, and every dollar of
that premium could have been
made by the government if the treasury
had been managed with any sense of
discretion, or with an eye to the interests
of the people.

We hope our correspondent sees the
point.

Our Exposition and its Results.

The progress of the Cotton States and
International exposition is all that could
be reasonably desired. Last week the
electricity building—one of the largest
main structures on the grounds—was
practically completed, and it is certain
that the other buildings will be com-
pleted by the 1st of June—three months
and a half before the opening of the
gates of the big fair. About 2,000 men
are now at work at Piedmont park and
the place assumes a busier aspect every
day.

A correspondent who signs himself
"Greater Atlanta" has an interesting
communication in another column in
which some very suggestive facts are
stated in regard to the beneficial results
of the Chicago world's fair and other
great expositions. It is now generally
conceded by those who have studied
the subject that great expositions always
pay. As Mr. Day, of the United
States geological survey, puts it, ex-
positions are as necessary for trade as
illustrations for a book. We need not go to
the great expositions of Paris, Vienna,
Philadelphia and Chicago to find out
whether such enterprises profit the cities
and the sections in which they are held.
We have a convincing instance in Atlanta's
cotton exposition of 1881-82. A citizen
of north Georgia was urged by
Colonel J. B. Killebrew, of Tennessee,
to send a few specimens of marble to
the exposition. The marble was sent,
and it attracted so much attention that
millions of dollars were soon invested in
Georgia quarries, and the product now
furnishes a highly prized by architects
and builders all over the country. The
development of this industry alone has
already repaid the state many times
over for all the money that was spent
by the people at the exposition. The
same is true of other industries which
received their start or a fresh impetus
at that time, and so far as Atlanta is
concerned, it is a well-known fact that
our population and business doubled in
a few years.

Our present exposition, having for its
main object the extension of our trade
in the Spanish-American countries, naturally
excites more interest than any of
the others. The ex-confederates went to the front
as a matter of patriotism, and pay was
no consideration. They accepted the
privileges and immunities of citi-

zens of the United States. Neither is there
anything in it to authorize a federal judge
to go beyond the provisions of its constitution
and its statutes, and invade a domain
belonging exclusively to state jurisdiction,
however much of outrage and of wrong
from the judge's political point of view,
there may be in that domain.

its predecessors, and the splendid exhibits
which the countries south of us
are now preparing will contain some of
the most unique and interesting features
ever witnessed on this continent. No
American exposition has ever had more
publicity of the right sort. It depends
upon no paid advertising matter. The
newspapers of the country have voluntarily
taken the matter up, and thousands
of articles, editorials and illustrated
sketches have appeared within the past
few months, all describing in glowing
colors Atlanta and her big show.

It is a foregone conclusion that we
are going to have much larger crowds
than we hoped for and predicted some
months ago. The growing interest in
the exposition makes it plain that in
addition to the throngs of sight-seers
there will be epicureans and men of
enterprise here from all over the world.
The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record
simply states the truth when it says
that Georgia has made the world be-
lieve that she is the south, and that she
has within her borders everything
possessed by the whole south. Moreover,
the state has a good reputation for
conservative politics and legislation and the
enforcement of party in Georgia.

It is a settled fact that there will
be a rush to this city of men with pockets
full of money and heads full of
schemes. The rush to Chicago and the
building up of that city and the consequent
rise in value of real estate will
all be duplicated here on a scale proportioned
to the size of our city. We
have reached the end of the hard-times
period in Atlanta, and no matter what
may be the experience of our sister
cities, we may confidently look forward
to a busy summer and the most pro-
sperous fall and winter ever known in our
history. From now on for many months
to come there will be work for all
wages for all, profits for all lines of
business and rich rewards for all who
will try to earn them. There need not
be an idle man or an idle dollar here for
a long time to come. Labor will be in
demand and there are countless business
opportunities. Greater Atlanta is
on the way!

How To Make Cotton King.

The Chicago Record condenses a whole
volume into the following editorial
paragraph:

The increase of the cotton-weaving indus-
tries at the south will enable the American
manufacturer to control the markets of all
those countries where cotton goods chiefly
are used for clothing, and these include all
the principal subtropical countries.
Trade in cotton goods is increasing.
Africa, Siam, southern China and India,
South America are large consumers of cotton
fabrics. With the increased output of fine
cottons from southern mills this country
can also supply the world's demand for
fine goods. Perhaps cotton will again be
king in American agriculture.

Undoubtedly cotton will again be
king, but we must give him a wider
field. When the south manufactures
the bulk of her cotton at home Liverpool
will cease to fix the price of the staple,
and we can control the markets of all
the southern and eastern countries
where cotton goods are chiefly used for
clothing. It is a matter of small consequence
whether we stand under the lead of
the south or the north, the result is the
same. The improvement made by Superinten-
dent Todd is simply a change in the operation of the
machine from control by sight to control by touch
by means of keys of aluminum, on which
letters are raised. The printing is done by
moving with the right hand a pointed
stick which is made to stand under the letter
desired, and the instant the right forefinger
touches the letter, the left hand on the
printing key makes the letter. The machine
has been thoroughly tested and proved
practicable. Several pupils of the in-
stitution have attained such proficiency in
operating it that they are able to write
letters to their parents. When the ribbon
runs out the operator can easily find
the spot where the work, as one would
imagine, would be stopped. The
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CLAY'S TALK.

The Chairman of the State Committee for Unlimited Coinage.

SILVER SHALL BE RESTORED

To the Place It Held Before the Act of 1873.

GOLD MONOMETALLISM ON ONE SIDE

Biometallism on the Other—That's the Issue and It's Clean Cut.

THE DEMOCRACY'S DUTY IS CLEAR

Every Loyal Democrat Should, in Chairman Clay's Opinion, Be Found on the Side of Silver—It Is the People's Fight

Marietta, Ga., May 11.—(Special)—There is no equivocation in the position of the chairman of the democratic state central committee of Georgia. Hon. A. S. Clay is for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and believes that it is the duty of the democratic party to so declare in terms that will admit of no misconstruction. With characteristic clearness Colonel Clay states his own position.

He favors the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

He believes that it is the duty of the government of the United States to restore silver to its rightful place as primary money.

And that this should be done at once, without waiting for the nations of Europe. The only possibility of securing an international agreement in his opinion is for this country to first take independent action, making the restoration; the rest will come in good time.

Chairman Clay talks at some length on questions of party policy. He is emphatic in his references to the dishonesty and unfairness of the "honest" money talk of the gold monometallists, and shows clearly that the contest now on is between the gold monometallists on the one side and the supporters of the double standard—the coinage of both gold and silver as primary money, with no discrimination in favor of either on the other.

He contends that the real friends of bimetallism are within the ranks of democracy. He does not anticipate any split in the party on account of the discussion over the question, taking the position that the minority will acquiesce to the will of the majority. He believes that this national question should not enter into the state campaign. He does not favor calling the state committee together to consider the money question, but, of course, if the majority of the committee should desire it, he will do so.

At Colonel Clay's Marietta Home. I came to Marietta today and found Chairman Clay at his handsome home in the edge of this beautiful little city. He was out among his Jersey. When I broke in upon the picture of genuine bucolic simplicity with a question about politics he declared that he had found agriculture to be his true vocation; that he was out of politics, and had been drawing the line at interviews.

"But don't you know that you are being criticized by some of the papers of the state for giving out an interview in which you are saying that the financial question would be the principle issue in the next campaign without giving any idea of your own opinion concerning the merits of that issue?" I asked. "Some of the goldbug organs have taken that talk as being favorable to their side of the question, while others say you are trying to find out the public pulse before expressing yourself."

"Both of these views are manifestly unjust," said he, as we walked toward the house. "I have seen one or two of those references, clippings having been sent me by friends, and I am glad to have this opportunity to reply through The Constitution. I have given out no interview for publication I know, however, on what that statement is based. Several days ago a newspaper friend of mine in Atlanta asked me casually did I think this financial question would be an issue during the next campaign. I answered yes. He did not question me as to my views and I had no idea that what I said was to be published at all. I have been staying here at home attending to my private business since the last campaign closed and have had no desire to discuss public questions and have none now."

"Then you have not been waiting to feel the pulse?"

"I certainly have not," was Chairman Clay's positive reply. "I am a candidate for no office and have no political aspirations. Even if I did have such aspirations I would not be afraid to express my opinions on any question. The people of Georgia know well enough to know that."

"But inasmuch as the impression has gone abroad that you have been interviewed The Constitution feels that you ought to state without equivocation the position you occupy."

"Well, I prefer not to discuss politics, but if you put down exactly what I say, I have no objections under the circumstances. I don't see how such constructions as these you refer to could be put upon my position on this great question, for I thought my position in regard to the matter was generally very well understood during the last campaign. I will say to you that I have read everything I could possibly find on this subject for months, having a sincere desire to arrive at a just and fair conclusion, for it is a question vitally affecting every man and every interest. In my judgment it is a question that requires study and much thought, and we ought all of us to act as we deem best for the great mass of the people regardless of public opinion or political aspirations. I have no patience with the abuse now being used in the discussion of this question. Simply to call a man a 'goldbug' or an 'inflation-

ist' is no argument. We should address ourselves to the intelligence of the people. My views have been formed after much reading and reflection. I believe them to be right. I have no criticism to make upon those who differ with me honestly." "And you think—"

Referring to Financial History.

"To get at it, let me go over briefly and concisely the history bearing on the question," said he, interrupting my question. "In 1832 our government first established a mint and provided for the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 15 to 1. That is the bullion in a silver dollar should be fifteen times as heavy as that in a gold dollar. It is true that at that time no gold dollars were coined, the two and a half dollar gold piece being the smallest gold coin, but the ratio was the same. This act provides that dollars or units shall contain 31.46% pure silver and that it shall be lawful for any person or persons to bring to the mint gold or silver bullion for the purpose of having the same coined into money of expense to the holder of the bullion. This money, both gold and silver, are made lawful tender in the payment of all debts, and was recognized and treated as primary or redemption money. Neither gold nor silver bullion was purchased, but both were treated as standard money performing their function in registering prices and expressing values. The law recognized each ounce of gold and silver as potential money. Every ounce of the bullion of both metals was entitled to coinage and every ounce of the bullion before coinage was worth as much as after it was coined into money, the law treating both of the precious metals as money itself, not to be redeemed in anything, but both to be used as the basis of credit money. Hence the legal and commercial ratio of the two metals were easily sustained. The next change in our coinage laws was made in 1834, when the ratio was approximately made 16 to 1. A slight change was made in 1837, the ratio continuing practically the same. In 1853, if I mistake not, the weight of the fractional silver currency was reduced.

"In 1873 our coinage laws were changed. Gold bullion was continued in free and unlimited access to the mints, but silver bullion was denied its rights there. Only the trade dollar and fractional currency was coined and silver was a legal tender in the payment of debts not to exceed \$5 at any one payment. Thus gold was given, by law, the advantage over silver. All gold bullion had access to the mints for free and unlimited coinage and was a legal tender in payment of all debts. Silver bullion was less favored, cut off from access to the mints, no longer a legal tender in the payment of all debts except, as I have said, \$5 in any one payment. The natural result was that gold appreciated in value and silver depreciated.

"In 1878 the secretary of the treasury was directed to purchase not less than \$2,000,000 nor more than \$4,000,000 of silver bullion per month and the president was directed to invite the nations composing the Latin union to meet our country in conference to establish a common ratio between the two metals. Nothing came of this. In 1880 the secretary of the treasury was directed to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion each month and to issue treasury notes payable in coin at the discretion of the secretary of the treasury. As our population, commerce and business increased, so did the future coinage we are absolutely on a gold basis without any further legislation. As our population, commerce and business interests increase, we must look to gold alone, and paper money issued redeemable in gold, to keep pace with our progress unless we have legislation in the future favorable to the silver metal. Our primary and redemption money will be gold alone and no intelligent man will insist that when you take gold alone as a basis that you can issue an unlimited amount of paper money. If the government had both gold and silver as redemption money, the basis would be stronger and broader and the government could thus with safety issue a greater amount of paper money."

Favors Free and Unlimited Coinage. "So much for the history. Now your views?"

"I can give them to you in a very few words. I am in favor of the free coinage of both gold and silver. I believe that the free and unlimited coinage of silver can only be maintained when the commercial and legal ratio of the two metals correspond. In other words, the bullion value of both the gold and silver that go to make up the gold and silver dollars after coinage should be worth a dollar or approximately so before coinage; otherwise free and unlimited coinage cannot be maintained. This was the case prior to 1873. Both metals were then allowed the same privilege, both were allowed free and unlimited coinage, the ratio fixed at 16 to 1. There was an unlimited demand for all bullion, both gold and silver. It was known to every holder of both gold and silver bullion that a ratio had been fixed by law between the two metals. Each was money itself. Each performed its functions in regulating prices. Each was a legal tender in the payment of all debts. Each was worth as much before as after coinage. Each stood equal in every respect before the law."

"But the silver bullion now is said to cost only a little more than one-half what it is worth after coinage."

"That is true. That is the reason why some oppose free coinage. They insist that 50 cents worth of bullion ought not to be made a dollar by the government. Their premises are incorrect, hence the conclusions that follow are necessarily incorrect. The silver bullion now that goes into a dollar under unfavorable conditions when more than half a dollar. I do not insist silver is outlawed only worth a little that there should be free and unlimited coinage if the value of the bullion were to remain at that price, but I do insist that when silver bullion is properly treated by legislation and is given the same rights and privileges with gold, and is made primary redemption money, then silver bullion will advance in price, so that the silver bullion that goes into a dollar will be worth in the market as much as the bullion that goes into a gold dollar. In other words, if silver had all the rights and privileges under the law that it had previous to 1873, this demand for the bullion would be small, as it was previous to 1873. In other words, give both free access to the mints, and receive an unlimited demand at a fixed ratio, treat both of them as primary money—one to act as a companion to the other—both to act in fixing and regulating prices, both

to be legal tender in the payment of debts except where otherwise provided by previous contract—then in my judgment silver bullion will advance in price so as to make the bullion of one metal correspond with the other before coinage. Returns to silver the status it held previous to the act of 1873 and the question of parity settles itself. I want you to understand now I do not insist we could maintain free and unlimited coinage unless this state of affairs could be brought about, but, in my judgment, it is the inevitable result of free and unlimited coinage of both metals, and every true and loyal democrat who loves his country, who feels an interest in the prosperity and happiness of our people, in the advancement of our commerce, in giving us not only a sound currency but one ample in volume to transact all our business, owes it to himself in an intelligent and gentlemanly way to leave not a stone unturned to bring about this state of affairs. In my judgment, to quietly submit and ask for no further legislation on silver means that

to gold. I may be wrong, but with the best lights I have before me, silver bullion will never advance in price and take its stand along with the other money unless it is treated in every respect as gold bullion.

"Let me say another word to you. In my judgment, international agreement would be the best way to establish bimetallism, because then a common ratio could be agreed upon. But how can this ever be accomplished unless we act? All efforts at international agreements in the past have failed. Do you suppose it will ever be accomplished without a determined, vigorous effort on the part of its friends? When the friends of silver become strong in the political council and determined they may bring about international agreement; but who can hope for that if the friends of bimetallism sit down and make no effort to rally their forces? No good political fight was ever whipped without an earnest, determined effort, and if those who are talking international agree-

ment has not only collected his interest, but doubled his principal and by legal method robbed his creditor.

"There is a dissatisfaction, an unrest, existing among our people. Many of them have a right to complain. I do not say the government can relieve their wants, but isn't it the duty of the government, through its representatives, to so legitimate financial affairs that the purchasing power of a dollar will be as nearly equal as possible at all times—so that neither the debtor or creditor can claim a great advantage by reason of the appreciation or depreciation of our currency? Is it not just as wrong for a dollar to appreciate as it is for those to be depreciated? One effects the debtor, the other the creditor.

"Those who know me best intimately will say that I never attempt to array one class against another. Capital has always had power and influence and can generally take care of itself. Is it not the duty of a government to so legislate that the great mass of the people, embracing all classes, can receive at its hands equal protection as near as possible?

"We ought not to attempt to deceive the people. Many have become restless and dissatisfied and expect more of the government than it can do. It is the part of statesmanship to study with a sincere desire to arrive at what is best for all classes of our people. The future of our country depends upon consent, happy homes, and it is the duty of every democrat who feels an interest in the human race, who wishes the wants of his fellow-men relieved, his happiness advanced, his prosperity increased and contentment in every home, to use every effort within his power to aid in bringing about these results.

"Do not we all agree that a double standard which looks forward to the coining of both gold and silver as the primary money of the country will be a material and potent factor in bringing about these results? Then, ought not all democrats to join hands in restoring silver to the plane that it occupied previous to 1873, either by international agreement or legislation? And if by international legislation, will not our country simply be doing her duty to go boldly to the front and make an active and aggressive fight toward the accomplishment of this desired end? It can never be accomplished in any other way."

We had read yesterday of Secretary Carlisle's declaration that "if the democratic national convention declares for the free coining of silver at 16 to 1 I don't see what I could do but vote for the republican ticket," and I asked Colonel Clay:

"Do you suppose there will be any split in the democratic party in Georgia on that issue?"

"I do not. I believe the real friends of silver, the real bimetallists, are found within the democratic party. When the democratic primaries begin next year I apprehend that all true and loyal democrats holding different views on this question will go before the people in the primaries, and the people in selecting delegates to the state convention will express their wishes, and when the democratic convention assembles in Atlanta this convention will carry out the wishes of the people—the wishes of the democratic party in this state. It is the duty of every true and loyal democrat to abide by the result. When the national convention shall meet with delegates from different states to nominate candidates for president and vice president, a platform will be fixed, the issue will doubtless be made and it will be clean-cut; the will of the majority will be expressed in that platform and it becomes the duty of every democrat to accept the result. Otherwise the party would go to pieces. No organization—political or otherwise—can be held together unless there is party discipline and unless the minority will acquiesce in the decision of the majority."

Must Have a New Financial System.

"Who will contend that our financial system during the past twenty-five years has been correct and to the best interests of the great mass of the people? If it has been, it is not true that on every stump our democratic speakers have slandered our opponents—the republicans? Did a single democratic orator in Georgia say 'repeal the Sherman act,' stand there; no father legislation for silver?" I answered no."

"If he did, I never heard of it. If we rely upon gold alone in the future as a redemption money, with such a narrow basis, the gold reserve of a hundred millions of dollars could be wiped from existence any morning by the combined effort of less than fifty bankers in New York, especially if we issue any large amount of credit money. No organization—political or otherwise—can be held together unless there is party discipline and unless the minority will acquiesce in the decision of the majority."

The Minority Will Acquiesce.

"Do you believe there is any danger of there being two democratic parties in Georgia on account of this question?"

"I do not. I believe that the democrats of Georgia have too much sense to break up the party on account of this issue. The prosperity, the happiness and the integrity of our state government has been nourished, fostered and cared for by the democratic party in this state, and if we differ on questions as true loyal democrats the minority will be willing and ready to acquiesce in the decision of those that may constitute a majority of the party. So far as the election of our state officers is concerned, and so far as the machinery of our state government is concerned, we have nothing to do with the coining of money. We must by all means preserve and take care of our state institutions and I do not believe that there is the least danger of the democratic party, on account of this issue, going to pieces in Georgia. In fact to my mind it is the least danger of any political disturbance of any kind in the next governor's election in this state. The present governor is making a careful, painstaking, impartial, intelligent, upright executive, and I see no reason why he should have the least opposition for a second term, the universal custom in Georgia."

"We must look forward to a new financial system. Our national banks will expire when our national debt is paid. They were created expressly to carry the war debt, and as they go out and as our population and business increase, must we not look to other sources for money enough to do our business? The circulating medium is about \$25 per capita and that is inadequate. When a nation first begins the people engage in agriculture, their habits are simple, commerce and manufacturing are scarcely known to them and only a small circulating medium is then needed to carry the business. But as the population increases and the people grow in intelligence their wants and desires multiply, the productions of the earth increase to an enormous extent, railways and telegraph lines are established, manufacturing and commerce make rapid strides—they require a much larger circulating medium, in my judgment, to meet the wants and demands of trade and business. We must by all means preserve and take care of our state institutions and I do not believe that there is the least danger of the democratic party, on account of this issue, going to pieces in Georgia. In fact to my mind it is the least danger of any political disturbance of any kind in the next governor's election in this state. The present governor is making a careful, painstaking, impartial, intelligent, upright executive, and I see no reason why he should have the least opposition for a second term, the universal custom in Georgia."

"It is likely that the executive committee will be called together soon to consider this money question?"

"It is not my purpose to call the committee together this year. I do not see why I should. We have no time for active political discussion now. I mean this is no year for political speeches. Every man who loves his country ought to read and study for himself and make up his own judgment; and men who endeavor to discuss this question should do it in a friendly, intelligent way, endeavoring to arrive at the truth. We should not embitter one class against another, but should speak boldly and fearlessly our convictions with a sincere desire to convince others."

Democracy's Mission.

"And in the next campaign?"

"I do not think this should be the sole test of a man's democracy. It should be and will be the leading issue in the campaign. A man should not be debarred from being a member of the democratic party simply because his judgment leads him to oppose the free and unlimited coining of silver. There are other things and principles necessary to make a man a true democrat outside of this question. The democratic party means something else. It means an organization in favor of local self-government that guards the individual liberty of the citizen; that treats the human race as one brotherhood, dealing out equal and exact justice as near as practicable to all men, having for its purpose and object to advance the best interest of all classes. It stands for equal and exact justice for all men of whatever state or persuasion, religion or politics. It stands especially for the support of our state governments in all their rights. It stands for home courts. It does not believe that the federal courts should encroach on the rights of our state courts, and this, to my mind,

is a serious question to be considered by our government. Federal courts have been gradually gaining jurisdiction. Men have been taken away from their homes to be tried for crime when they ought to be tried where the crime is committed. It stands for the supremacy of the civil over the military authority. It stands for economy in the public expense. It stands for the honest payment of debts and the sacred preservation of public faith. It only seeks to govern and restrain men in any of their rights that it may better their condition. It believes that when government is organized that the governed only sacrifices a part of their natural rights in order that their civil rights may be better secured; that their lives may be more useful and their interests best promoted. To my mind the principles upon which the democratic party is founded are best adapted to preserve and promote the happiness, prosperity and welfare of the people. This being the case let us teach the rising generation that no one issue shall destroy and break up the great party which has ever been the champion of human freedom and happiness."

Colonel Clay is Positive.

There was no mining of words in Chairman Clay's talk. He has evidently given

almost nothing about the financial question, but is an intimate friend of Morton, was naturalized to render service to the gold cause if possible. All Nebraska railroad men are on good terms with Morton, for he represents corporationism, and has always been a loyal friend to all forms of corporation and monopoly aggression.

That letter of Buchanan may well be taken as a reply to a recently published interview with Col. P. Hepburn, of Iowa, who says he has visited every county in his district and various other sections of the state, and has found that everybody is crazy on the silver question. It is the only topic they will talk about. Whenever two men get together, whether in the street corner, in the railway station or the corner grocery, or while riding in the cars, they discuss nothing else, and the sentiment is almost unanimous in both parties that the United States government should immediately declare in favor of the free and unlimited coining of silver, regardless of the policy of the European nations. Neither party has a monopoly of the sentiment, and it looks now as if they would make a race to see which can make the most sweeping declarations on the subject.

These statements of the condition of affairs in Nebraska and Iowa are exact and true. They indicate a state of public sentiment which is becoming well nigh unanimous. The cause for this sentiment is traceable to several influences, chief of which are the bond contract and the great circulation of "Coin's Financial School." This is the title of a book published in 1890, and a list of the five best selling books in March in all the great cities of the country, and "Coin" leads in Omaha, Cincinnati and a few other cities. Its circulation in the country districts has been fully as great as in the cities. In Omaha "Coin" has been read by fifty thousand persons. Six hundred copies of "Coin" have been sold in the general auditorium. The speakers on the free coinage side obtained nearly all the applause. Several bank cashiers have been converted by reading it. One wholesale paper dealer became so enthusiastic over it that he left his business to sell it to five persons, one of whom is the dead statesman, and another, Mr. Drummond.

"You see," said Mr. Drummond, as the paper was read, "just about twenty or twenty-five years ago there were five of us who had been reared in the town of Pittsburg, in Missouri. We were five of life and energy and decided to go west. Well, we got to Moingona, and after trying awhile separated, as was always the rule five years ago. Now here is the way it has wound out. Thaxter is a prominent and leading druggist at Carson City, Nev. Devereux is one of the leading physicians in the state. We are the only two men in the town of Moingona, Iowa, who have made a fortune in the successful handling of groceries by trading judiciously in real estate. While Mr. Drummond was acquiring fame in politics and was lieutenant governor of the state, Mr. Devereux was a successful grocer who is now multiplying his fortune by trading judiciously in real estate. While Mr. Drummond was acquiring fame in politics and was lieutenant governor of the state, Mr. Devereux was a successful grocer who is now multiplying his fortune by trading judiciously in real estate. While Mr. Drummond was acquiring fame in politics and was lieutenant governor of the state, Mr. Devereux was a successful grocer who is now multiplying his fortune by trading judiciously in real estate. While Mr. Drummond was acquiring fame in politics and was lieutenant governor of the state, Mr. Devereux was a successful grocer who is now multiplying his

LIKE A ROCKET.

The Macon Construction Company's Schemes Flew High.

STOCK BOUNDED UP 10 FOR 1

Then in a Night It Came Plunging Back to Earth.

ROCKY EXPERIENCES OF A RAILROAD

Litigation Has Been the Lot of the Georgia Southern.

AT LAST IT IS FREE FROM THE COURTS

Interesting History of an Enterprise Which Has Given to the State One of Its Leading Railway Systems.

MACON, GA., May 11.—(Special)—The history of the rise and fall of the Georgia Southern and Florida system of railroads, the Macon Construction Company and the Macon and Savannah Construction Company would read like a romance or a fairy tale if it were not for the living realities, thrilling incidents, material benefits, wrecked fortunes and blasted hopes that strew the pathway.

That history tells of the daring undertakings and phenomenal achievements of young and ambitious spirits who desired the aid in the development of their country and advance their city to a high position of substantial greatness, commercial importance and ample proportions.

That history tells of the land of fruits and flowers, of luxuriant fields and blooming meadows, of towns of rapid and marvelous growth. It tells the story of human nerve and aspiration, of booming stocks and gilt-edge bonds, of dazzling prospects and endless litigation, of big fees and small dividends, of fond anticipations and bitter disappointments, of pride today and censure tomorrow.

The Construction's History.
The complete history of the Georgia Southern system, the Macon Construction Company and the Macon and Savannah Construction Company has never been written. It would take pages to tell the story, but the leading facts and incidents in the career of these concerns at the present time will be interesting reading. I dare say there are not six men living who can give the facts about the organization of the institutions.

"What do you know of the early history of the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad and its builders, the Macon Construction Company?"

When asked this, this seemingly simple question of one of the original stockholders of the Macon Construction Company, I noticed a pained and headachy expression on his face as he answered the question by asking another, to-wit:

"Why do you bring up such a disagreeable subject to one who rocked the cradle of these enterprises? What an innocent and was an attendant at their funeral obsequies?" I had hoped I had experienced my last headache from a consideration of their affairs, but I am willing that memory shall unlock the doors of the unpleasant past once more in order to give you the desired information about the properties that were Macon and Birmingham, the two great English capitalists as the finest investment in the south. Just here I desire to say that while the stockholders have lost their holdings Macon has the lines of railways and they have done much for the material development of the city, have increased population, and created trade and are the source of livelihood to hundreds of poor, honest, workingmen and their families. Mark the prophecy: the time will come when all the conceptions of the promoters of these enterprises will reach their full fruition; the projects will have been carried out to a successful finish and the Georgia Southern and Florida road will be one of the links in the long chain of railroad from Tampa, Fla., to the great city of Baltimore over the Georgia, Carolina and Northern railroad and the Seaboard Air-Line, and when the product of the great iron furnaces of Birmingham will find outlet through Macon and the Georgia Southern. That this would have been consummated long ago is the belief of every man connected with the enterprise, if the John M. Robinson trade had not fallen through on account of fancied legal technicalities and exceptions brought out by lawyers who wanted to loot it."

Continuing, the stockholder said:

"I am sorry to tell you that our relatives to the early history of these corporations. This carries me back to the year 1886, nearly ten years ago. The first attempt to connect middle Georgia with the state of Florida was the conception of the late lamented Colonel A. J. Lane, of Macon, formerly of Atlanta, a man of great energy and a hard worker, thoroughly progressive and an honest man. He once represented Bibb county in the legislature. Years before 1886 Colonel Lane secured a charter for a narrow gauge railroad called the "Macon and Florida Air-Line" railroad. A preliminary survey was made and the promoters were so well pleased that there was a necessity for the road; that it opened up immense forests of Georgia pine untouched by the woodman's ax and laid bare for cultivation a vast area of fertile and productive land as could be found in Georgia."

The late Colonel Lane, after a stop to the great work and all ideas as to building the road were seemingly dead until the year 1886. Then the master was taken up again by a few young men—Jeff Lane, the son of Colonel A. J. Lane; W. B. Sparks, W. W. Collins, and others. They invested with the importance of what seemed an insurmountable undertaking, and realizing the fact that push and energy were invincible, and with a firm faith in an ultimate success, they commenced the work by organizing taking in a few such public-spirited and progressive citizens as Henry L. Jewett, S. R. Jaques, S. T. Coleman, N. M. Solomon, A. B. Small, E. B. Waters and others. Well do I remember the meetings of these gentlemen. Night after night the spacious verandas of the magnificent residence of the S. T. Coleman were discussed, only to be laid aside as not practicable. Finally it was determined to test the popularity of the scheme by asking for popular subscriptions from the merchants and property owners of the city. A day of hard work was devoted to it and when night came on only \$10,000 subscription was reported. In disgust these

gentlemen adjourned sine die, after transferring the charter back to Jeff Lane, W. B. Sparks and W. W. Collins. These last three gentlemen, standing under the awning of a large oak & pine tree during a heavy rainfall, determined to make one more effort. They started for New York the following day. This visit increased their hope, and returning home they associated with them Henry J. Lamar, Jr., and boldly put a corps of engineers in the field at that time, which broke dirt about seven miles from Macon.

"After expending about \$17,000 in cash of their individual money, and becoming liable for as much more, they were forced to the conclusion that their combined capital could hardly hope to complete a \$4,000,000 road to the coast. In this they had become distrustful of their character, and by advice of the late George W. Austin they at once took steps to secure the charter granted by the legislature known as the "Tarnage," or Georgia Southern and Florida railroad charter. Transfers of charter rights between E. P. Prouty, Baum and C. A. Thompson, and two-thirds of the rights of F. S. Johnson, W. A. Harris and Rev. John W. Burke, having been secured to Jeff Lane, W. B. Sparks and W. W. Collins, they met in September of 1886 and organized with the following:

"W. B. Sparks, president; H. J. Lamar, Jr., vice president; W. W. Collins, secretary and treasurer; W. B. Sparks, Jeff Lane, Henry J. Lamar, Jr., W. W. Collins, Ovid G. Sparks and R. S. Collins, directors.

"They came on legal battles unparalleled in the history of the south—suits in court for charter rights—fights in the legislature for charter rights—Injunctions, world without end—and to such an extent with such force as almost to dishearten the bold promoters, and at such financial cost as to make the venture hopeless. In J. H. Hall and George Gustav kept a list of the hundreds of suits filed against them by anybody and everybody, it would show conclusively that legal fees must have been a prominent feature of the building of the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad. Yes, it was a bonanza for lawyers, a financial rain-storm, and for them all got wet. All this time the brave projectors kept their counsels, and paid the bills.

Organization of the Construction Co.

"Finally, realizing that their supply of funds was running short, and knowing that powerful friends would be sought to aid them and to support the efforts of their opponents, they resolved to organize a construction company of such a size as would absolutely force success. A \$600,000 company was considered ample, and I well remember the day when it was decided that the first mortgage should be issued for \$100,000. The road was bonded at \$12,000 a mile, and thus incurred a first mortgage indebtedness of \$3,420,000. The road was built and equipped at about \$10,000 a mile. No stock of the Georgia Southern company was ever actually issued. The contractors finished the road in good order and then and there were paid for their work. McTighe & Co. never built any of the Georgia Southern road. The first through schedule from Macon to Palatka, 28 miles, was put in on 1886. The event was heralded far and wide; Macon advanced rapidly to the road to prosperity and happiness, and Construction stock went boomerang upward.

The Fatal Mistake.

The enterprising promoters of the line believed that a road to Florida would pay. They were not astray in their calculations. Results have justified their faith and confidence. The road will be built and paid for, and their ambition overleaped itself. It would have been wisdom and wealth if the Macon Construction Company had ceased railroad building with the completion of the Georgia Southern. But its management sighted for other works, and, I well remember, the day when it was decided that the first mortgage should be issued for \$100,000, the company suffered for lack of money. It remembered only too well their complete failure to get subscriptions only a few months earlier. But it was worth the attempt, and a subscription list started. As far as my memory goes, I will give you a list of the idiots hard-headed enough to believe in the Georgia Southern stepmother. This seems for the first time in the history of the construction company, and became chief sub-contractors. A large force of men was employed. Bonds to the amount of \$1,940,000 were issued, and proceedings in the field progressed rapidly. But still the Macon Construction company was not satisfied, and it desired to stretch out further. The company had implicit faith and enthusiasm in the judgment and possibilities of its president, whose career of development up to this time had been so phenomenal, and who was inspired and inspired to continue to construct a great chain of railways reaching from the prairies to the sea, with Macon in the center of the great highway.

Macon and Savannah Combine.

So the Macon and Savannah Construction Company was formed to build the Macon and Atlantic railroad. If this company had not been formed, the Hanson-Bacon road would have never come into life, as will be explained later on.

The Macon and Savannah Construction Company was formed with the following officers and directors in 1899: W. B. Sparks, Macom, president; W. L. Jewett, Macom, vice president; Henry L. Jewett, Macom, treasurer; Gustav & Gerry & Hall, Macom, directors—W. B. Sparks, Macom; W. W. Collins, Macom; R. H. Plant, Macom; John R. Young, Savannah; A. Backer, No. 33 Worth street, New York.

It was capitalized at \$1,000,000, of which the Macon Construction company contributed \$500,000, it only paid in \$100,000. The company also owned and managed the Colton Land and Improvement Company.

The proposed construction of the Macon and Atlantic road was the most dazzling scheme ever undertaken in the state. All of the previous enterprises of President Sparks paled into insignificance before this great project. The brilliant conceptions of this railroad Napoleon were bewildering to the mind.

The Colton Scheme.

It was proposed to run the Macon and Atlantic railroad from Macon to Colleton, which was pronounced as the finest port on the south Atlantic coast. Colleton was to be the ocean terminus of the Georgia Southern system of railroads. The air-line was to go from Macon to Guyana, a point on the Central road, and from there across a beautiful and level country to Port Royal and the ocean. The distance six miles from Port Royal and two and a half to three miles from Savannah. Here is a harbor superior to Norfolk, Port Royal, Savannah or Brunswick. It will admit the very largest vessels now used in the carrying trade of the day.

Hon. John Temple Graves was manager of the Colton Land and Improvement Company. The Colton was to be the greatest and the most important of New York gentlemen to the extent of \$10,000,000, thus making \$30,000,000 the amount needed.

Electron of Officers.

"This was in 1887, and the organization of the Macon Construction Company was effected by the election of W. B. Sparks as president; H. J. Lamar, Jr., vice president; Jeff Lane, general manager, and H. L. Jewett, secretary and treasurer, and L. H. Jewett, director and treasurer, and the following board of directors: W. B. Sparks, Macom; W. W. Collins, Macom; R. H. Plant, Macom; John R. Young, Savannah; A. Backer, No. 33 Worth street, New York.

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MONEY FLOWING IN

Atlanta Bankers Declare That Their Deposits Are Increasing.

ACTIVITY CAUSED BY THE EXPOSITION

New Depositors Are Swelling the Books of the Various Banks.

ESTIMATING THE MONEY TO COME

Mr. Alex Smith, Auditor of the Exposition, Calculates That \$25,000,000 Will Come to Atlanta Through the Big Fair.

There is a wondrous story of the lively pulsations of trade due to the impulse of the exposition told on the books of the banks of Atlanta.

The deposits at all the banks are higher today than they have ever been before at this period of the year, and the bankers and their scores of bookkeepers and clerks are kept busy with the tedious accounts of the most voluminous deposit statements of any city in the south, no matter what may be its size, its population or its circulation of business.

There is no better place to study the development of a city's business, no better place to watch its growth than on the befigured pages of its banks' deposit books.

To stand in the center of Atlanta, surrounded by the clutter of its busy streets from day to day, even in this midsummer period of the year; to see on every side the evidences of thrift and progress; to find the principal streets blocked high with building material here and there; to observe the dozens of towering buildings gradually steering their way upward under the scientific manipulation of countless laborers whose skilled hands guide the trowel, the hammer, and the saw; and to watch the loaded drays in almost endless lines plowing their way out from the wholesale centers to the various depots of the railroads, is to realize that Atlanta is fair and alive under the touch of some extraordinary power that is giving fresh blood to every artery and vein of commerce and trade.

But no definite idea is gained of the extent of the enlivened trades until one has cast a glance over the books that lie silent in the vaults of the banking institutions of the city.

To hear every banker declare "My deposits have gone far beyond any former mark since I have been in the business in Atlanta" is plain English which tells the whole story in a word or two.

The Lowry Banking Company makes report that they have been more deposits the past month or two recorded on its books than ever before at this period of the year.

The Atlanta National bank reiterates the sentiment.

The American Trust and Banking Company declares that its deposits yesterday were larger than those were on the corresponding day of last year and the business in every branch has increased proportionately.

The Atlanta Trust and Banking Company says that there have been more deposits and more new depositors enlisted than ever before at this period.

The Merchants' bank makes a similar statement.

The capital City bank is gaining new patrons every day, and the deposits are running to enormous figures.

And the story runs on and on!

See our Special Photo.

When the exposition gates shall have been flung wide open to the civilized world and closed again; when the flags have waved from the pinnacles of every building and furled once more at the close of the big fair, it will be interesting to make a careful study of what will have been hurled into the air of commerce and art.

The following figures, furnished by Mr. Alex W. Smith, auditor of the exposition, tell wondrous stories of promise and unbounded progress:

Expenditures of the Exposition
Expenditure for building and operating... \$2,000,000
Of exhibitors in construction... 1,000,000
Of transportation... 1,000,000
Of United States government, foreign countries and other states... 300,000
Of transportation companies, increased facilities and equipment... 200,000
Of hotels, boarding houses and the city of Atlanta for the accommodation and delectation of visitors... 500,000
Of visitors, estimated at 1,000,000... \$20,000,000
Total amount of expenditures... \$25,000,000

What Auditor Smith Says.

"The great bulk of this stupendous sum," says Mr. Smith, "will be expended during the last six months of this year. Added to the currents of trade, it will be turned over at least three times, and thus cause an increase to the total amount of less than one hundred millions of dollars. The normal volume for this city, I believe, is about \$150,000,000 annually. This increase is net, and attributable solely to the influence of the exposition."

There'll Be No Collapse.

"In addition to this, the great movement of population southward, so conspicuously born, will be accelerated by the influence of the exposition and kindred causes as to counteract the influence of the sudden cessation of the temporary stimulus of the exposition itself."

"The development of the mining and industrial resources of the southern states will increase the number of new wealth-producing centers and additional markets for local agricultural products."

"These combined influences may be safely relied upon to prevent reaction and stagnation."

And It Is No Boom.

"This whole movement is no 'boom,' but a spontaneous result of the combination of many widely different and show-perfecting causes, principal among which may be noted:

"First, a new generation—north and south since the war."

"Second, recuperation from the losses caused by the war in the south."

"Third, exploitation of the unsurpassed natural resources and climate in the south."

"Fourth, exhaustion of public lands in the west."

"Fifth, overcrowding in the east."

"Sixth, practical solution of the negro question and a desire to demonstrate it to the world."

"Seventh, A feeling of protest that the south was not adequately represented at the world's Columbian exposition."

"Eighth, Atlanta's keen foresight in discovering and creating a market here and energy in grasping it and improving it."

"Atlanta will naturally and rightfully reap the first fruits of the harvest thus foreshadowed, and will make a long stride toward the accomplishment of her great destiny, which may be easily foreseen."

With face to the front and pressing well forward, she is blazing out the way to a new era of prosperity for this goodly land, during which her great achievements cannot now be imagined."

What Captain English Says.

Captain J. W. English, president of the American Trust and Banking Company,

after careful examination of the books of his company, declares that the deposits of the bank have already increased wonderfully within the past few months.

"We have today on our books a showing of \$100,000 increase in deposits over the same period of time last year, and this is far more than we had on the same day of the year previous, for it was during that summer that we had to issue clearing house certificates among the banks of Atlanta."

"While our deposits have increased so greatly, our other lines of business have likewise run up to wonderfully large figures. Our exchange business between parties here and parties in distant regions of the country and abroad has gone far beyond the scope of our books. There is every evidence that our books, though money is changing hands more liberally than ever before, and this, after all, is what benefits a city. It would do a town no good to have millions of dollars brought into it and kept in a vault or hidden in a trunk. If I kept it in my vest pocket, it would be of no earthly value to the community in which I live. Now, if I put it in a bank, I still have it in value, and yet I am flying through the town, carrying life and limb, value into the trade and commerce, paying a hundred debts for this man and that, and doing the town good tenfold its face value. This argues the advantage to a city of depositing money in the banks. The \$5 is still mine, so far as my own gain is concerned, although it is deposited, but goes to a thousand other hands, and becomes theirs also."

"People who have money ought to deposit it with the banks for the good it will do to their community and themselves indirectly. New York you find that every body deposition is a sound economy to deposit to pay the bank for the outlay of stationery it takes to handle the deposit."

"Sometimes you find in Atlanta many a young man going into a place to pay for a glass of soda-water and pulling out a roll of \$30 or \$30, which he may have been carrying in his pocket several days. This man has not deposited any money, so long as it was in his pocket. Now, if he had deposited it, he would not have been put to the slightest inconvenience, and yet he would have sent that money out to do great service in the upbuilding of the community."

"The point is clear, I believe that the deposits of the banks in Atlanta will continue to increase until they have gone far beyond the dreams of the bankers in the bank."

"There can be no mistake about the cause—it is plainly the exposition that is doing the good work for Atlanta."

What Captain Lowry Says.

In reply to an inquiry from The Constitution, Captain Robert J. Lowry, of the Lowry Banking Company, makes the following statement concerning the remarkable accounts of that bank for this period and the corresponding period of last year:

"Atlanta, Ga., May 11, 1895.—Editor Constitution: Comparing this date with the same date last year we find very much interest in the following: In excess circles the adjournment of congress, business questions seem to settle down upon a much better basis confidence being restored to the market. I think there is a general improvement in the business of the city. The Lowry Banking Company has improved greatly—a large number of new depositors and much larger deposits. I think there is a large number of newcomers to the city. Their expressions are such as to make me know they are pleased with our city. During the past week several parties from the north have come to town with large sums of money to loan upon real estate, and they were not able to get the amounts they wished. Of course our exposition men fall could not account for this great many people who would be directly and indirectly interested in the exposition. There are great many looking for permanent locations. Our knowledge, are now being invested in modern machinery for getting out the gold in the city. I am glad to say that many of them are successful in getting it in paying quantities. I feel certain that this industry will soon be a great power in the south, solving the great differences of opinion upon this question. Our healthy climate, good water, schools and church, and the giving of our right hand to fellow men in the development of them with the thought that we want them with us. I cannot but think that very near every man that better time which we have looked for is at hand. Consequently our chances upon the financial question will get all differences headed upon a solid basis. The men are all right and Georgia will be in the foreground next in importance. It takes to make a country great, as we have everything in our soil that it takes to make it great."

ROBERT J. LOWRY."

AN EXHIBIT OF JUSTICE.

Frank Strong Outlines the Exhibit of the Department of Justice.

Mr. Frank Strong, who represents the department of justice on the United States board at the Cotton States and International exposition, furnishes the following account of the exhibit:

"While the department of justice cannot, from the nature of things, rank with the other larger departments as an exhibitor, yet we hope to present several interesting features, on the same or similar lines followed at the Chicago exposition."

"We propose to exhibit some men who have occupied the position of attorney general of the United States from the time of Randolph, in 1789, among whom are many well remembered sons of the south, will adorn the available wall space. As the law, and Dame Justice herself, are too intricate to be easily comprehended, it will be necessary to show, in a half-hour's time, their printed edicts in the shape of statutes and supreme court reports, supported by the counterpart presentations of well-known judges, who for many years have lent dignity and honor to the bench bar."

"We also expect to add an interesting branch in the exhibition of photographs of views connected with United States prisoners and prisons, showing the principal institutions where federal prisoners are confined, the modes of employment and discipline, together with souvenirs illustrative of the history of the prison system and are compelled to reply upon their wits and native ability for amusement, and such relief from the terrible monotony of prison life as can be gained by carving trinkets in wood and marble. Keys, writing-furniture, hand-bags, and which have actually been used by men of marked effect his release; dinner knives made to save sufficiently effective to cut through iron bars; canes, curiously made from small pieces of polished wood and horn, some of the creations of Indian convicts—these and such like articles will be exhibited, and prove interesting exhibits to everybody. This feature will serve to illustrate the lives of those to whom justice has been meted out, a class of unfortunate growing larger and larger every year, and whose care, maintenance, proper punishment, treatment and general disposal furnish a subject for the best thought and wisest judgment of all good citizens and patriots."

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What Captain English Says.

Captain J. W. English, president of the American Trust and Banking Company,

WITH RAPID STRIDES

The Exposition Grounds Are a Master-piece of Landscape Gardening.

WORK ON THE BUILDINGS PROGRESSING

The Electrical Building Will Be Completed This Week.

HOW THE BUILDINGS APPEAR NOW

From Every Side the Scene Is One of Great Beauty—Buzzing Saws and Noisy Hammers.

Under the ringing blows of many hammers the exposition buildings have gone up until one will be completed this week, another will be completed by June 1st and several within but little more than a month.

It is the buildings and the progress that has been made in their construction that attract the eye of the visitor and seem to proclaim all that has been done. On the north end of the building are the names of the most famous of French painters and sculptors, on the west end are the names of Americans, on the south end are those of Germans, and on the east

side are those of German masters of medallions in the friezes and in the porticos are elaborate decorations, which are to a great extent to be devoted to cherubim and fancy figures.

There are still a few touches to be made before the building is completed, but as it now stands a splendid idea is obtained of what the building will be when completed.

Already the red hills are made to look gray from the distance by the green of the growing grass, which is just beginning to show above the soil. It is not the grass of spring, but grass planted for the purpose of beautifying the scenery.

Directly in front are a plaza and driveway. The shrubbery has been set out with wonderful good taste and the grass is beginning to make a bright border.

With the exception of the terraces and the lake upon the edge of which is being built the band stand. The plats of shrubbery are not small ones by any means, and add much to the beauty of the scene. The driveway that winds in and around the plats of shrubbery is covered with red sand, which is being pushed on it, and when it

is completed it will be a handsome building.

The first building completed will be the electrical building, which is just between the manufacturers building and the transportation building. It is a very pretty building and from the view near the grand stand looks rather small. A closer inspection shows that it is spacious enough and will be ample for all exhibits. With so many buildings about the electrical building looks perhaps a little lonesome, but adds to the refreshing effect of improvement.

The change in the topography of the exposition grounds is something wonderful. There is no radical change to be recorded, but the landscape work has all been done well, and toward modifying the geography of nature.

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There are still a few

PART 3. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. 21 TO 30.

30 Pages---210 Columns

VOL. XXII

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FUN FURNISHED FOR FAMILIES FREE!

Pure, clean fun is as necessary to the average American citizen as his dinner. When you see a man in any spot in America going along with a long face, either he hasn't had his share of fun that day or he's just got a bill for his wife's Easter Bonnet. . . . We've furnished a whole lot of fun for this end of the earth in the last year. First it was fun to guess where we came from and how long we'd stay. Then it was fun to guess how long before we'd quit selling goods cheap to get people coming. Then it was fun for a certain class of men to come in about once a week to tell us they really enjoyed reading our "ads." . . . We're having the fun now. The men that first read the "ads" for the fun in 'em are reading them to-day for the profit in them. . . . Fathers of families are buying clothes for their boys here as well as themselves. The boys' clothes don't cost them anything in one sense. It's a pretty queer man that can't save enough on his own clothes to buy clothes for his boys. . . . The latch-string of this store is out to all Atlanta, and to all who can get to Atlanta. Come and study the store and its ways; it's as unlike other stores as we can make it, in being better.

Every Thread Wool.



For \$5.00 choice of 500 Men's Suits, in black all wool Cheviots. Handsome, well made garments made to sell at \$10.00.

An Immense Bargain.



For \$7.50, choice of 500 Men's Suits, in round or square cut Sacks and Frocks, fine Clay Worsted, Cassimeres, Cheviots, Imported Scotch Tweeds, and hundreds of handsome light shades of Cheviots and Cassimeres that are so stylish and popular. Never sold for less than \$12.00 to \$15.00.

Extraordinary Value.



Takes choice of 1,000 Men's Suits, of choicest Imported Clay Worsted, Cassimeres, Vicunas, Unfinished Worsted, Scotch Tweeds, black, blue and fancy Cheviots, made in Sacks and Cutaways, perfectly trimmed and tailored, and fully equal to the suit your tailor charges \$30.00 for. It's the kind of suit for which you ought to pay \$18.00.

Some Fine Figuring.



It has taken some shrewd financing to put such suits as are in our \$12.00 grade on our counters at that price. \$18.00 is nearer their worth. In the making we have been just as particular as if they were the finest. The fabric is the best we ever made up at \$12. There's a variety most as large as at \$15.00.

The Famous "Fifteen."



Tisn't stretching the fact a bit to say we've got nearly as many styles in our \$16.00 grade as others can muster at all prices. Nor boasting to say that ours are as good as others at \$20.00—cause it's too apparent. The maker's profit that we save is spent in better fabrics, better trimming, better everything. You needn't go beyond \$16.00, and you'll be well dressed.

Men's Shoes.

Men's French Calf hand-sewed Shoes, positively worth \$4.00.....	\$2.98
Men's Satin Calf Shoes, all shapes, positively worth \$2.50.....	\$1.98
Men's Satin Calf Shoes, all styles, positively worth \$2.00.....	\$1.48
Men's serviceable Buff Shoes, 'foot form' or pointed toes, positively worth \$1.50.....	\$1.25
Men's solid working Shoe, Globe cap toe, positively worth \$1.25.....	98c



Ladies' Sandals.

Ladies' Patent Leather Sandals, pretty buckles, positively worth \$2.....	\$1.25
Ladies' Dongola Slippers, fancy buckles, positively worth \$1.50.....	98c
Ladies' turped Dondola Oxfords, positively worth \$1.25.....	75c
Ladies' 3-button Prince Albert or patent leather trimming up front, positively worth \$2.50.....	\$1.48
Ladies' Cloth Top or Kid Top, corrugated vamp, Oxfords, positively worth \$2. For this week	\$1.25
Ladies' Cloth or Kid Top Oxfords, pretty styles, positively worth \$1.50.....	98c
Ladies' Patent Leather Oxfords, sizes somewhat broken, positively worth \$1.25.....	75c
Ladies' Dongola Patent Tip Oxfords, sizes 2 1/2 to 6, positively worth \$1.....	69c
Ladies' Hand-sewed Dongola House Slippers, positively worth \$1.25.....	75c
Ladies' Comfort Slippers, positively worth 75c. For this week	48c

MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES.

Misses' Tan and Black Sandals, stylish toes, positively worth \$1.50.....	98c
Misses' Tan and Oxfords, comfortable shapes, positively worth \$1.50.....	98c
Misses' Tan or Black Turned Oxfords, sizes somewhat broken, positively worth \$1.25.....	69c
Children's Black or Tan Oxfords, a sample lot, sizes 6 to 10 1/2, positively worth \$1.....	48c
Children's Strap Slippers, patent leather tips, sizes 6 to 8, positively worth 75c.....	48c
Infant Hand-Sewed Strap Slippers, sizes 2 to 5, positively worth \$1.....	48c
Infant sample lot strap Slippers, sizes 2 to 5, positively worth 75c.....	25c

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

The big selling we're doing in this department is the natural outcome of the careful attention we've been devoting to what we now recognize as the largest, best assorted, lowest-priced Boys' Clothing stock in Atlanta.	
All-wool Suits in pretty mixed goods, 4 to 15 years, well worth \$2.50.....	\$1.48
A splendid assortment of spring styles in Blue and Black Clay Worsted and Cassimere Suits and the newest Mixed Cheviots; specially well made and finished; patent waistbands, some with double knees and seats; good \$5 and \$6 value for.....	\$2.98
Double Breasted Suits in fine all-wool Cheviots, an immense assortment of the newest spring patterns and makes; good serge linings, neatly finished; patent waistbands and extra pieces; 4 to 14 years; good value at \$4.00; marked	\$2.48
Handsome All-wool Fauntleroy Suits, all wool, revere fronts; pants with bows and buckles, worth \$3.00.....	\$1.98
Knee Pants, All-wool Cheviots, neat patterns; patent waistbands; 4 to 15 years; worth 75c.....	48c
Navy Blue Reefer Suits, neatly and prettily trimmed with embroidery, worth \$3.....	\$1.98
Handsome All-wool Fauntleroy Suits, all wool, garaes, navy blue and green, revere fronts and extra collars; neatly trimmed in fine Silk Embroidery or Braid; worth \$7 and \$8	\$4.98
Handsomer All-wool Fauntleroy Suits, all wool, revere fronts; pants with bows and buckles, worth \$3.00.....	\$1.98
Wash Suits, 3 to 8, one dollar value, at.....	48c



Special Sale Men's Trousers.

450 pairs Men's neat hair line Stripes, Check and mixed Patterns, regular \$4 value. Choice, any size. \$2.00

Something Interesting in Hats.

Straw Hats are ready; very little change in styles. The Hat that suits is the Hat we sell. The Straw Hats are:

The 50c kind for.....

25c

The 75c kind for.....

38c

The \$1.00 kind for

48c

The \$1.25 kind for

75c

Men's Derby and Alpine Hats, the \$2.00 kind for.....

98c

The \$3.00 kind for.....

\$1.48

The \$3.50 kind for.....

\$1.98

Choice Bits . . .

of Haberdashery offered at special prices. They are honestly bargains. Full values at fractional prices. Some of the loss is ours—some the manufacturers. But it's all gain for you.

Nobby, stylish, correct Neckwear, 50c goods for.....	25c
\$1.00 goods for.....	50c
Negligee Shirts, worth \$1.00, at.....	48c
White Shirts, laundered, worth \$1.00, at.....	48c
Sweaters, worth \$1.00, at.....	25c
White Vests, worth \$1.50, at.....	50c
Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, at.....	25c
Boys' Eancy Blouse Waists, a large lot way under price, worth \$1.00, here.....	48c

THE GLOBE
SHOE & CLOTHING CO.
89. Whitehall. 74-76. S. Broad.
Atlanta, Ga.



Mail Orders.

Parties residing outside of Atlanta receive the same attention as if they were here in person. We give this department our very best attention, and if you desire to order of us rest assured we will see that you get the best possible worth for the amount sent us. Write for what you want and we will see that you get it promptly. Samples of Suits and Pants and price list of Shoes sent to any address.

THE MINORICANS.

These People of Florida Have an Interesting History.

THEY WERE ONCE ENSLAVED

Described by the Fair Promises of an Adventurer They Came to America Only To Find Themselves Enslaved.

Jacksonville, Fla., Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

"Shrimps! Shrimps!"

It has grown a familiar cry on Bay street, and the midget bearing on his head a basket of freshly caught shrimp is a familiar sight. A dark, fine looking man stops him, takes a shrimp curiously between a finger and thumb and asks:

"Wat kin' o' wun you call dis, boy?"

The little shrimp seller, as sharp and impudent as any street gamin, is the last the gentleman should have tackled. He meets the latter's eye with a wicked leer.

"A. C. Fayal, you think I dunna you? 'N ain't heard paw tell 'bout how you useter to sell swimpl in St. Augustine when you ever barreled Minorquin boy?"

The gentleman retires in the utmost confusion, and the midget immediately doubled up with silent laughter.

"I wouldn't take \$10 for that, A. C. Fayal knows that we all know he's a Minorquin, and I never saw anything so perfectly foolish as his pretending that he isn't."

"What is a Minorquin, and why should he pretend that he isn't one?"

"Benedetto, his grandfather was once a slave. I suppose, though, no one can be eradicated as that of slavery. Though pure white and free born, his ancestors were enslaved for a period of nine years, and, consequently, the term 'Minorquin' has become one of reproach. It is very unjust, for there are plenty of Minorquins as upright and refined, and their ladies as lovely in person, as any character as anybody. But, after all, the reproach is more in their own sensitiveness than in the minds of others. Generations will pass before it is quite wiped out."

"Enslaved! White people! How could that be in America?"

"Easily enough in a slave country, and at a time when settlements were fifty and a hundred miles apart, and the only means of transit by water."

"It was in 1767, four years after Florida had been ceded to Great Britain, that a certain Captain Andrew Turnbull discovered the fertility of the land on the Hillsborough river, and formed the resolve to cultivate a portion of it. He obtained a grant of sixty thousand acres in Volusia county, and founded it New Smyrna. It keeps its old name, and is an interesting place on account of its dark history, and its ruins, some which antedate history and almost tradition. It would have taken half a dozen fortunes to clear and stock a plantation of that size. Turnbull sailed for England, and secured a charter for a consideration of two thousand pounds, to set up a colony for Florida. By specious promises and fair-sounding contracts, he brought 1,500 people from Greece, Minorca and other isles, and even a few from Spain and Italy. As the natives of Minorca very largely predominated they were all classed as Minorquins, and are styled to this day 'Minorquins.' Is the genealogical spelling of the word, but the better is that of Miss A. M. Brooks, of St. Augustine, who examined in Spain the early records of Florida, and of Captain Bernard Romans, who was sent by the government to explore the coast at the time of Turnbull's departure. Turnbull's tract of land was tract was free transportation, proper food and clothing for six months; transportation back at the end of that period to the dissatisfied, and to each family who should elect to remain, fifty acres of land, with an additional twenty-five acres for each child. Nothing could be fairer, and the colony entered the world for love and faith in the future. Many were well-born, many left pleasant homes expecting to found good or better, in a freer country."

"The older and the feebler died during the long voyage, that, even to strong men, was full of hardships. But, once landed, and seeing their safety, they promised of the same, and then forged their oaths, and plunged with ardor in the work of clearing, draining and planting the low, rich hammocks that were now their homes. They put up palmetto huts—the merest shelter—and lived in them cheerfully, not dreaming that they would never be allowed any better. At the end of six months, instead of fifty acres, they had but their own across according to contract, the unhappy people found themselves in the toils of a crafty master, who took advantage of their necessities and kept them on his plantation. This, however, they could have overcome by patience, economy and industry, for they soon had the vast plantation, fine order, and the wealth of the venture became assured. In 1772 Turnbull's indigo crop of three thousand acres had a net value of \$2,174."

"Just here the management was given over to agents who immediately brought the white redemptions down to the level of the negro slaves, placing over them the most brutal overseers, and, indeed, and inhuman system of the lowest and cruelest slavery. This was the easier, as the victims were strangers in a strange land, and could but brokenly speak the English language. For nine years they were actual slaves, and under conditions that, for atrocious and a thousand revolting features, far below, and far worse, than any slavery ever known to the western continent. That is why a Minorquin resents being called a Minorquin. You and I would be just as sensitive under the same circumstances."

"Yes, indeed. Poor creatures! How did they obtain their liberty at the end of nine years?"

"Ah, there is a story—a true story, unmatched in the field of romance. Come round to my house, I have the racconteur fit on me, and will tell it you."

"Five minutes we are on a little east porch—I with my notebook, my companion in a hammock, relating between whiffs of his 'P.M.' cigar, the following strange and pitiful story."

"In your own defense? Certainly. This is the land of liberty. Say on."

The voice of the taskmaster has an amusing ring, as he leans comfortably against the furnace shelter. He addresses a little woman of Greece, who only need drop her garment to expose her slave in flesh and blood. That single, bacchic smile is comical, that age has worn to a bronchian white and picked out an ugly fringe around the bottom. But its hideous shapelessness brings out in stronger relief the fine grain of the creamy skin and the beauty of the form that is yet delicate and fragile as the blossoms of a rose, in which she stands. Her face has suffered more than her form. Privation has marred the classic outline and sunk the glorious black eyes deep into her head, giving them an expression half wild, wholly despairing. In the background is a group of men and women; some creamy tinted as she of whom we speak, others dark, some wanly gaunt, though not niggardly—but all bearing the ignominious stamp of a hopeless slavery. In the foreground is the overseer, a man born bestial and pitiless, and wearing today on his features a new devilry. Near him squat his executioners—two big black brutes with heavy limbs and muscles of iron. In their malignant eyes the slaves are polished jets; on their faces rest the inexpressible mystery, on their tongues the awful silence of the mute. In the center the woman, worn by incredible hardships, cowers before her tyrant, yet by some unaccountable means retains a tiny, tiny spark of the spirit of the free born."

A Dantean picture of the early days of

Florida, when beauty and cruelty, oppression and happiness, joined hands over her bright waters and blooming woods.

Permission to speak brings no hope to Corona. Nothing she can say will excuse her. All she can say will but intensify her punishment. It is only through the recklessness of despair that she can lift her drooping head, and with her glazed eyes to meet the gaze of the most inhuman and utterly unfeeling overseer that ever cursed these shores.

"My child want bread. Dey starve an' starve, oh, so many days! My little Elena no raise her head las' night; her streak all gone. Can I see her die wen plenty in crib an' plenty meat in smoke-out? Yes, tek de bekon. Forgive; my child was dyin'."

Cutter is amused, though the words and tone might well move the stoniest heart.

"Starve-bosh! When you get your rations regularly every day! That won't do you, 'n' earn."

"One quart of maize a day! Cooked all in one great copper an' ladle out like feedin' pigs! De bigges' an' strongest push the weaker ones an' git double share. Somebody must starve. Benedetto an' me, we g' the mos' of our little shire to de children, an' we work on what is left, which is not much, 'cause she sin' muttin' too. Oh, if you got one little piece of flesh an' blood heart, you will g' us our maize an' bekon; an' let us cook dem in our own cabins. In de lagoon dere is plenty fish; con' nuttin', an' would pu' flesh on our bones."

"Take time from your work to fish, hey? It's likely I'll allow that," he answers with deadly sarcasm.

"Ween we drop, starve, an' can wuk no more, wat den?" she asks in desperation.

"This, then," he says, holding up his wiz of leather things. He has changed his language, attitude, and is alert and menacing. "This is what can make you up and set you to hoeing Indigo again. Now, see here; there's been too much stealin' round these diggins, and I mean to make an example. You'll do as well as another. Twenty lashes on your back with this! You wenchas are always the first to rebel!"

Corona shrinks in terror from the huge, clumsy instrument of torture he shakes in her face. The thongs are thick with the blood of many victims. Some of it is not yet dried, and she seems to hear again the voice of the aged man from whose back it was drawn.

"No, no!" cries a voice, as a Greek, nude, save for a pair of rotting trousers, rushes to the front. It is her husband, Turnbull, a man of middle age, tall, thin, and strong.

"But Corona so little and weak. You do know. Lemme take de stripes in her place."

"Keep your mouth shut, or you'll catch it yourself, without having lessened her punishment the smallest fraction. What is to you, anything?" This last in surprise.

"Corona, my wife. I would die to save her from shame an' pain. I tek de lashes. You put 'em on me, dam' fool."

Cutter examines the man and woman with a new interest. He is Nero. Infernal instinct is true, but with the true heroic instinct. Here, before him, lie novel tortures, new sensations, new forms of pleasure crosses his thick lips as he conceives the picture of a woman's desecrated form and a husband's helpless anguish. Let her off? Why, he wouldn't mind it for the world.

A motion of his finger brings forward the mother who helps to keep in subjection the unfortunate people that Turnbull now considers his lawful slaves. Well they know his meaning, and so does the husband, who throws himself between.

"Never, never! No till kill me first!"

"That's nevaly true. That's—pointing to the executioners—well, we'll make it right, if it, and enjoy it, too. But, you're one of my best hands; I'd do better than kill you."

He thinks of nailing the husband by the ears to a tree in sight of the whipping. However, that is an old trick and the master is not to be duped.

"The Minorquin said that the then governor was associated with Turnbull in the enterprise."

"The present governor is another kind Tonny will give them justice. I answer for it."

The Englishman talked on. They have not always been so submissive. An Minorquin told me of an adventurous escape.

"Benedetto is one man then stronger than an multitude. Verily, there is a big premium on greed and sinful craft and high-handed oppression when freemen lose their manhood and stay submissively in such brutal toils."

The two curious English travelers, mere acquaintances of the Indigo executive, are resting upon some piles of wood outside the vast shelter. They see, indeed, a Little Greek boy with beautiful bare limbs clean a vat as tall as himself, but after the first glance they turn their backs on him and disappear. They are not the only ones to be impressed by the scene.

"Benedetto holds out his hands beseeching."

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"This is the quick patter of feet. Giotto, the lights seem to poor pitiably through the trees of shade, and the margin of the Indian fields. The bed is a pile of shucks with ragged covering and on this, too, exhausted to respond to Benedetto's endearments, lay Corona. She shivers as he first caresses her, then anoints her torn back with rattlesnake's oil, which was and is considered a marvelously curative salve. He applies it with tender, trembling fingers.

"Jove! To t'ink I done it. Dat my han's cut furras in dis tender flesh. Corona, dat'll kill her! You forgive me?"

Corona's hand is on his mouth, softly.

"Yes, it would kill me. Five lashes will do good. Here, take the whip and get set."

"Love? Are you man or demon? I canna—canna. You may beat, kill me. You no mek me hurt my wife; me dear one."

The unnatural command has aroused the spirit of even poor, crushed Greek. At the same time, his weak, failing heart beats as fast as those of a child in the grasp of death, all alone. The overseer knows it, too, and enjoys it.

"Ah, you are quite determined, I see. Very well; we'll strike a bargain. Twenty lashes from your hands or from those of Tim and Tom. You see?" looking around on the other breathless and frightened slaves. "I'm a little soft, my Giotto. I am still a virgin, but I am a good woman."

"Tim's nevaly true. That's—pointing to the executioners—well, we'll make it right, if it, and enjoy it, too."

"No pity in him, don't you see?" whispers Corona. "Benedetto, Dat wuk's g' us, pain, an' dat is no want in our house, I see."

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CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

Wulcat Wat Dares Heaven and Hell.

It was about the end of October, when the days are beginning to creep quickly into their shortest, that my aunt, Lady Lochinvar, who had been so much delighted all night and admiring all women, "The last, for your lady's sake, I do," I made answer. For in those days we were taught to be courteous to the elder ladies, and to make them becoming compliments, which is in danger of being a forgotten art in these times,

"What takes you to the covenant side?" asked Lady Lochinvar.

"Cer'tes, the Falkland dandie had not made that speech."

"The same that took your husband, Lady Lochinvar," I returned, somewhat nettled.

For she spoke as if the many in Scotland were but dirt beneath the feet of the few.

But that was the way of her kind.

"Keined ye ever a Gordon that would be drawn with whips of scorpions, or one that could be drawn with the light of ladies' eyes?"

She sighed and gathered up her skirts,

"Aye, all too readily," she said, thinking,

I doubt not, of Walter Gordon and my lady of Welwood.

It was dusking when we stepped out. My aunt took my arm and desired that we should walk home through the narrow, dirty street, and came slowly to her lodgings. Walter met us on the stair of the lodging. He was shining in silk and velvet, as was his wont. Laces ruffles were at his wrists. He had a gold chain about his neck, and a jeweled rapier flashed and swung in a gold-brocaded sheath at his side.

He seemed a little dashed by our coming in together. I quickly understood that he had thought his mother safe out of the way, and I wondered how I should keep the peace between them, for by the tremble of her hand upon my arm I felt that the storm was nigh the breaking.

"That I know not," said I; "it seems slow enough."

"All law is slow, save that which my man and your father got."

It was astonishing that she should mention such a thing, with that courage and temerity, and the story not six months old; indeed, this very head sticking on the Netherbow, not a mile from us as we talked. But she saw some part of this in my face, and quickly began to say on.

"You Gordons never think you die hard, unless you be caught in the snare of the king, or stand well together, though your hand is against every man. And that is why I am but a tacked-on Gordon, come to help you, if so be I can, though I and my boy stand for the king, and you and your rebel brother Sandy for the convenience. Weary as I am—that was for him, for he was a good man to me, though we agreed but ill together on kings and polities."

"Speak for my brother Sandy," I said. "I am no strong sufferer, and so shall get me, I fear me, no golden garments."

So I spoke in my ignorance, of the witty, low-warmer air of Edinburgh in which I had infected with opinions like those of the Laodicians.

Now, that was a word of my mother's, that suffering was the Christian's golden garment. But to my aunt, to whom religion was mostly family tradition (or so I might say), it might as well have spoken of fine fish.

"But of Walter," she went on, as one that comes to a real subject after beating about the bush, "tell me of him. You have been here in this city the best part of three months."

Now, indeed, I saw plainly enough what was that had procured me the honor of a visit so early from my lady of Lochinvar.

"She waved her hand as at a white scruple, which good King's folk made light of. 'But what of Walter? you have seen—is it well with the lad?' She spoke eagerly, and laid her hand on my arm.

But, after all, the business was not

so bad, as I had thought, and I could see that she had a strain on herself.

His mother looked at him with her eyes like coils, from which the leaping flames had just died out. For a moment she said nothing, but the soul within her looked out of the windows of her house of clay, fiery and pale, as though it had come from the depths of hell, and had come to the close and deadly pitch with her, and it was on the dice's throw whether she would lose or keep her son.

"Walter Gordon," she said at last, "has your mother journeyed thus far to so little purpose, that now she is here, you will not let her the honor to spend a single night in her company? Since when has she become so distrustful of you?"

"I cannot see this," he said. "I have made an engagement with a girl in Edinburgh, and she has been greatly distressed by my words."

"She spoke boldly and harshly, as one that puts a strain on himself."

"She was a woman, and a good-looking woman, with that courage and temerity, and the story not six months old; indeed, this very head sticking on the Netherbow, not a mile from us as we talked. But she saw some part of this in my face, and quickly began to say on.

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FOR THE DRAMA.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Proposed Exhibit at the Exposition.

WHAT ONE WOMAN HAS DONE

Mrs. Littleton and Her Plans—How They Have Proceeded in Building the Proposed To Build.

It is the object of every great fair or exposition to present to the world some enterprise it has not known before—to leave some monument, as it were, to mark its success. At the last exposition of Paris there was the Eiffel tower; the world's fair had its woman's building and the Ferris wheel, while the Cotton States and International exposition will present, among other things, the first dramatic exhibit from an artistic and commercial standpoint. There have been so-called dramatic exhibits, but they were always on an individual basis, excluding the general participation of the dramatic world. At the late exposition in Vienna, the ladies of the royal family organized a dramatic exhibit which was confined entirely to an exhibition of the dramatic profession as an art, but the exhibit here will combine every phase of the dramatic world, artistic, practical, commercial. There is no reason why the south, with its reputed appreciation of genius and culture, should not be the first to concede to the drama its dignity and glory as an art, and give the dramatic his rightful position with painters, poets, sculptors and architects.

The idea of this exhibit was first considered by the women's board last October. Mrs. M. L. Littleton proposed to undertake the organization of such an enterprise, and suggesting a number of plans that might be carried out, asked the proper authority to go to New York and present them to the do-it-yourself committee. The response of such an undertaking on the part of women appealed the majority, but Mrs. Joseph Thompson, with that appreciation of woman's capacity that distinguished her and has characterized her every movement, gave Mrs. Littleton great encouragement and furthered her idea by appointing Mrs. L. C. Linton chairman of the dramatic committee. President Collier and members of the executive board, appreciating the benefit that would arise from such an enterprise, bringing together as it will a large class of people eager for recognition in the commercial as well as professional world, gave Mrs. Littleton the proper authority to represent the project in New York.

With an option on the necessary site for a building, and a determination to succeed, Mrs. Littleton went to New York in October. As the guest of her kinswoman, Mrs. John S. Wise, she met with the wealthiest and most prominent people of New York, patrons and lovers of the drama, and found, she says, no difficulty in practically interesting them in her project.

Many Were Interested.

Among them were such well-known people as the John S. Wises, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Plant, Mr. O'Brien of the Plant system, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond, Major Moses, Mrs. Mrs. Ellen Ford, Mrs. Ford manager at large from New York at the world's fair, Mr. Womers Henderson, Hon. Harry Miner, Messrs. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger and others of equal distinction. "In fact," says Mrs. Littleton, "my attempts met with the greatest enthusiasm and the dramatic and theatrical factions at war with one another seemed to unite in their desire to help me in a dramatic exhibit." Among the many letters from people interested was the following from A. M. Palmer, of New York, who has been most generous in his interest in the matter:

To Theatrical Managers and the Profession Generally: Having investigated fully the contemplated dramatic exhibit of the Cotton States and International exposition to be held in Atlanta, Ga., as outlined to me by Mrs. M. L. Littleton, I am of the opinion, if carried out, the stand would be projected, it will be of infinite advantage to the profession. It has my hearty confidence, and I hope you will support it.

Mr. Howard P. Taylor, vice-president of the American Dramatist Club, writes:

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MRS. M. L. LITTLETON.

Who Conceived the Plans for the Dramatic Exhibit, and Is Working Hard for Them, Cotton States and International exposition and am of the opinion that it will give phenomenal impetus to the drama as it exists today, and will be a positive step toward the development of legitimate American dramatic literature. I heartily commend the idea to my fellow script writers, and when personal influence I may have to the project. Very respectfully yours,

"HOWARD P. TAYLOR."

After four months of hard but fruitful labor, Mrs. Littleton developed the necessary plans and presenting them before the exposition board applied for the necessary concessions. The progress of her undertaking and her applications were enthusiastically received by the board. Mr. Robert Adair, who had encouraged Mrs. Littleton throughout her work, advocated the dramatic exhibit and spoke eloquently in behalf of it. Mr. Inman said in his speech on the subject before the board:

"Mrs. Littleton is a brave woman, and has fought against many difficulties. In her successful undertaking she will have accomplished more than any person connected with this exposition. I am personally favor of granting the concessions to her."

The concessions are now secured, and soon will begin the erection of a building that will stand as one of the monuments of the Cotton States and International exposition as well as the精神 and energy of the woman's department.

The Building.

When it is known that Mr. Downing has designed the building and that every detail of the exterior and interior will be suggested by him it is unnecessary to say it will be an exhibit from an architectural point. The building, with an exterior structure of 120x100 feet, will display the artistic beauty of that style of architecture known as the Spanish Renaissance. Each corner of the structure will develop a tower pierced with small windows and surmounted by very ornate tops, pyramidal in form. Three sides of the building will be enclosed by an arcade supported by columns of white marble, 10x10 inches in full relief. The coloring will be light yellow shading to deep orange and Pompeian red. The elaborate frieze surmounting the columns will be in rich variegated color, while the Spanish tile roof of orange

blended with Pompeian red will bring out the snowy whiteness the pyramidal tops of the corners. All colors will suggest the general scheme of colors and picturesqueness that is contained in the artistic beauty of the interior.

There is a proscenium opening of fifty feet, the stage measures 60x100 feet, and the auditorium will have a seating capacity of 2,000 persons. The galleries are arranged in two tiers will display in their decoration all the beauties of roccoco architecture. The hints of gold and Pompeian red will complete the draperies to harmonize with the splendid design and all will be illuminated by electric lights coming from the sides and each tier will have a frieze porticos, which will be cupids in full relief holding torches, sparkling with electric brilliancy and every device of theater illumination will be represented.

Some Special Features.

Auxiliary to the theater and in one of the halls of the building will be a collection of rare and beautiful portraits, including those of the members of the royal family and historical profession as well as distinguished patrons. Then there will be a large collection of curios, embracing souvenirs, pictures, deathmasks, models, etc., and the

whole will be a collection of the best of the dramatic world, and the most distinguished. The building will be a combination of the dramatic world, artistic, practical, commercial. There is no reason why the south, with its reputed appreciation of genius and culture, should not be the first to concede to the drama its dignity and glory as an art, and give the dramatic his rightful position with painters, poets, sculptors and architects.

When the idea of this exhibit was first considered by the women's board last October, Mrs. M. L. Littleton proposed to undertake the organization of such an enterprise, and suggesting a number of plans that might be carried out, asked the proper authority to go to New York and present them to the do-it-yourself committee. The response of such an undertaking on the part of women appealed the majority, but Mrs. Joseph Thompson, with that appreciation of woman's capacity that distinguished her and has characterized her every movement, gave Mrs. Littleton great encouragement and furthered her idea by appointing Mrs. L. C. Linton chairman of the dramatic committee. President Collier and members of the executive board, appreciating the benefit that would arise from such an enterprise, bringing together as it will a large class of people eager for recognition in the commercial as well as professional world, gave Mrs. Littleton the proper authority to represent the project in New York.

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stage furnishings in various scenes will be the representation of rival establishments of the kind, all sent as exhibits. Rival costumers will take different scenes and dress in all the necessary gilding of spectacular splendor. The makers will exhibit their art in the costumes and even the dealers in theatrical cosmetics will send their exhibits for "artistic beauty." The inventors of different modes of manipulating calcium lights, so necessary in scenic effects, will contend for spot cash only we are selling best quality Turkey Feathers: Dusters as follows: No. 10, 15c. No. 12, 20c; No. 14, 25c; No. 16, 30c each. Mailed anywhere for 4 cents extra for Nos. 10 and 12, and 6 cents extra for Nos. 14 and 16. The numbers indicate the length of feathers in inches.

Special knock-out cash prices also on all painters' materials.

Such innovations are simply the necessary touch of humanity which make the whole world kin. Efforts will be made to secure the inimitable talent of Lucy Dally, with her band of plantation associates, scored such a striking success in Lillian Russell's rendition of the "Princess Nicotine."

Additional Attractions.

Besides the spectacular there will be great interest manifested in the dramatic contest for the medals to be awarded the best exhibitors of one-act plays. As many as eighty dramatists will present their one-act dramas, which are so often unique and artistic, and there is every likelihood of the same success as the dramatic exhibit.

There will be entertainments of all kinds during the day, and the theater will be used for sacred concerts on the Sabbath, thereby encouraging the best musical talent.

Mrs. Littleton, the writer of "Desoto," is a native of East Tennessee and a daughter of the Rev. Colonel J. W. Brown, of that state, a distinguished Indian statesman and planter. Mrs. Littleton numbers among her ancestors the Marshalls, Randolphs and Keets, of Virginia, while the paternal side her ancestors are of revolutionary fame. Her education and studies have been most carefully directed by her stepfather, Major P. J. A. Cleary, of the United States Army, himself a graduate of the Royal Academy of Surgeons, London. She is the widow of the late John L. Littleton, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the most brilliant young lawyers and editors of his day. In his sad death, still fresh in the minds of his contemporaries, his wife ably edited his newspaper for some time. Personally Mrs. Littleton is a most attractive little woman, with eyes that beam with intelligence, and those happy manners that are always winning in woman. She is most enthusiastic in her gratitude toward those who have upheld her in her under-

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WHERE THE SUN
SINKS IN THE PACIFIC.

There are two things that are absolutely necessary for the making of a poetic journal—time and a good companion. I had them both yesterday morning when I left Los Angeles. Our party consisted of a good old horse—kind, enduring and courageous; a negro boy to drive him; a young girl with rosy cheeks and eyes like the blues in the wheat fields; a little brown foreign-looking girl, myself and a woman you all know in Atlanta—a nice rainy-day woman, an adorable one sunshiny or shadow, receptive, sympathetic, able to enjoy and understand without words.

Given these conditions, a sky flecked by white clouds and a country that Ceres herself must have chosen for a home, what greater delight could one ask for?

We started out on the westward road toward the sea. It was early morning and the heavy dew had not yet dried upon the fields and gardens. It touched the valleys of bearded grain with a silver light and lay luxuriously fragrant in the cups of the orange blossoms. To the golden spheres of fruit it gave a silver shimmer and the scarlet robes of the geraniums were overlaid with argent.

Santa Monica was the goal of our journey. The road that took us there was eighteen miles long, yet so smooth was it, so divinely sweet was everything about us, that the distance was scarcely realized. It was one delicious pilgrimage in paradise with the portals of heaven itself at the end. No fences, no bare, homely structures to mar the beauty of them—a nature that covers the homeliest works of man with a mantle of splendor and fills the orchards with gold and pearls.

We passed through no region barren of human life: every mile brought us in sight of some comely farmhouse embowered by flowers and surrounded by bounteous orchards. The little cottages are always the homes that please me most, because home to me has always meant a house of one story. And such gardens as these quaint little houses out here have about them—gardens where even the walks are overgrown with the opulent grace of scarlet and gold nasturtiums, where geraniums and poppies and pansies run rampant in a reckless revel of color; and then the roofs and the porches fancy them literally covered with purple heliotrope and roses and scarlet geraniums. Some small houses actually have the entire roof and walls covered with flowers that we treasure as the handiwork of the conservatory. La France roses are used as hedges for many gay gardens and they herald their presence with wafts of fragrance that can be discerned a half a mile away.

On our road we passed a Japanese house in the midst of a Japanese garden. This domain is abode to a dainty feme made of bamboo and the little paths with its bit of a portico and small windows were constructed of the same material. There were beds of bright flowers and shrubs, but most of the land was given over to the culture of chrysanthemums, these lusty plants being set out singly. The cultivator of this oriental flower makes them a specialty and his flowers won the prize at the world's fair.

In the low valley pastures we passed flocks of fat sheep and herds of sleek Jersey cattle. On either side and far before us the mountains arose, the nearer ones calm and verdant clads, the distant hills soft, faintly outlined in the silver-gray mist of the evening, and the sun went down in gone sorrow. The glowing bits of color of the gardens here and there were as if the immortals had gone a-maying and dropped their garments on the grass.

One cottage garden had a hedge of marguerites, great banks of snow flanked by blue and yellow larkspur, red and yellow nasturtiums, and beyond these beds, up to the cottage, terraces carpeted completely with pink asphodels, a star-like flower that springs from a thickly meshed green moss. But cultivated fragrance and color were not all that nature gave for beauty, for the pickings were the wild flowers of the fields and roadside, beds of magenta-colored blossoms, each one soft and feathery, and suggesting the plumes that decorate the horses in a circus procession; blue cornflowers, catching the garments of the winds, like face feathers; orange poppies, flaming red, satiny marigolds—all these were free for our picking, and the children alighted every now and then and filled their laps while the good seed rested, the big girl getting blues to match her eyes and the little one making a picture of the yellow blossoms in the dusky hair.

The wing of iridescent doves flashed before us. In an avenue of eucalyptus trees we came across a family of solemn owls, the mother and father and several little ones stupid enough to sit and stare at us, but wise enough to flutter softly away when we attempted to catch them.

After this came a long hill, and then another avenue, from which we saw on the left, beyond the silvery green wheat, a course of blue water. In front arose the cliffs and on the left the purple peaks of the Sierra Madre.

My companion deplored the fog and the clouds that kept them entirely from view, but I had been revealed to me in their verdant actuality. I should have cried for the loss of a dream.

From the top of the high bluffs I saw for the first time the blue waters of the Pacific. To the left the sea incurred. Beyond lay the distinctive visible, brown and green, but on the right the rugged mountains, purple and cloud-laden jutted far into the sea that glistened purple blue on the left, green near the shore and on the right iridescent as the body of a sunfish.

A nearer view showed us a span of rose-colored water, whose tinge was caught from the reflection of a blue carpet of pink flowers. On the west was perfectly beyond the edge or even off the horizon this heavenly rest with the saintly name—Santa Monica! The name will ever be repeated like a benediction in my memory.

I took a dip in the sea, feeling at first like a large ball of limber ice, crushed ice but soon slowing through and through with the warmth and vigor that comes always to the physical life that can stand sea bathing. The beach here does not equal that of St. Simon's or Cumberland. It is softer and much narrower, so that a single hand dare not venture out of distance, but the scenery is surpasses that of any coast I have ever seen. There is a beautiful drive along a blue five hundred feet high overlooking the sea; this at the end overlooks a canyon of eternal green. This is cultivated by a colony of Mexicans whose little cottages look like children's play houses. They are content in lovingly about the base of the mountain and one can see for miles the beautiful bosom sparkling with multi-colored lights. Its breath, bracing and refreshing, meets and minglest with that of the land laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, roses and heliotrope. All along on the right-hand side of this drive are beautiful homes, small brown houses set into color like brightly-decked Mexican women; stately mansions whose pretentiousness is beautified by flowers as they are dressed in their make-up. The splendor shines by perfume and gentle manners. The handsomest home here is that of Senator Jones, of Nevada. The great brown house with its many windows and broad plazas is built in the center of ideal grounds, laid out into shrubs and bordered by roses and camellias and shaded by palm trees whose magnificence would make our nursery products blush for their insignificance. The stables are entirely covered with climbing roses and ivy and to



the left is a great flower garden and an orange grove. The walks all about the estate are shaded with avenues of palms. Mrs. Jones and her young daughters entertain a great deal. The house is filled constantly with young men and women, tennis, boating, bathing and riding; there are plenty of outdoor sports.

Santa Monica is the most popular sea resort in southern California, and during the summer months this place is alive with gay-dressed people and tourists of all classes. The smallest cottages here rent unfurnished at \$70 or \$80 a month. These little cottages are perfect jewels, set as they are in a mosaic of colored blossoms and covered with roses.

We had our lunch at a little restaurant whose long dining portico looks out to sea, and after our meal we took our way to our horse-homeward. The sun, against which we set our backs, had revealed himself by now in the fulness of his golden glory and he sent across the fields long shafts of yellow light. The tall eucalyptus trees cast long shadows across the white roadway and the air was radiant with the golden heat and songs of larks and mockingbirds. The mountains break back of us turned to royal purple, while the cloud-mists on the nearer peaks took on the tints of early lilacs and ashes of roses. Such atmospheric pictures as spread before us in the champagne radiance of that yellow light—the mystical beauty of Delos, the white island of the dolphin or a Swinburne—marvelous, exquisite, indeed.

I feel so convicted of platitudes when trying to interpret nature, I wish I had

some new tongue forged from flowers and flame to sing of this new land. Its luxuriance—its scenic beauty has never been told, told even by the Californian himself, nor often so often accused of exaggeration in describing its native beauty. It would take the horn of plenty itself to sound the praises of this abundant land.

I have described as nearly as possible the beauty of the country itself. Some other writer predicts that its future will bring forth a race of people whose physical magnificence and intellectual strength will exceed that of any other in the world, but as yet I have seen no human specimens to warrant the prediction. The social life here seems to be as it is in all new places, rather crude and unformed, for the American Los Angeles is only about fifteen years old. People have come here from all parts of the country and made large fortunes, but I am told that there is very little disposition on their parts to spend their money on lavish living, or in entertaining in that sumptuous fashion characteristic of southern cities. The grace of entertaining, however, is perfected through generations of liberal and wealthy people and is seldom arrived at by the single means of a speedy fortune.

Mrs. McCloskey is not only a gifted artist, but one who is a wonderfully clever woman in every way. Indeed, I find that every woman who has made a name in one artistic field can do many other things with grace and distinction. This particular woman is a brilliant painter, a graceful writer, having been a journalist in Washington, an accomplished needle woman and an artist in cookery. She is also the best of financiers and manages herself the very comfortable fortune that has accrued to her husband and herself through their art. The story of their lives, their struggles and triumphs is one well worth telling, and I will give it in another letter from MAUDE ANDREWS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

SALT WATER DRESSES
FOR FAIR BATHERS.

Although there are still icebergs in the Atlantic and the north wind blows chill at moments, bathing suits have come to town; some of them being adorable frillies in silk and satin, which may stand a cold bath, but which, nevertheless, look strong and suggestive of only high and dry posting on the sand.

For, if some maids look upon courting the salt sea wave as the summit of human bliss, there are others of the sex who prefer the courting of man; for these last a bathing costume affords going and visiting opportunities.

With old Papa Neptune as Chapman, trim ankles and wealthy locks, only too long hidden by the long skirts and groomed top-knots of winter civilization, may now, come, be seen and conquer.

Indeed, one summer girl and her new set toilets, all of which, to do her justice, however, are not quite for ornamental purposes.

For Dips in Salt Water.

The new bathing costumes for practical use differ in cut and material but little from the old. The same serviceable serges, alpacas and flannels are used, and are serviceable for the bath. Stockings and knee-tights, with a separate skirt, to be buttoned on under an outside belt. Trimmings are white, red and blue braid, or the same material as the suit in a contrasting shade, and sleeves are short and may be puffed. Otherwise, however, they are to be short, close sleeves, fitting as snugly as those of a jersey underdress, but it is well for thicker ones not to so challenge the searching eye of the populace.

The populace is never merciful to too plump mermaids.

Bath Robes.

Bath wraps are talked of and written of, but are not shown in the markets where common bath robes may be bought.

They do exist, however, and a very splendid one just imported by one of our chic dressmakers, is a great circle that reaches from throat to waist, with a belt and a long, full, flowing train.

The bathing suit that went with it was white, India silk richly embroidered on collar and skirt bottom being the material stockings, while silk, white canvas sandals with satin ties.

It was in frightfully bad taste, of course, but it looks and wears well, especially, as are almost all the things that come to us from "furnish" shores.

NINA FITCH.

For Brunswick.

Commencing May 12th, the Southern railway will establish through Pullman car service between Atlanta and Brunswick, Georgia, arriving at the latter at 7 a.m. This is the train for Cumbersland and St. Simon's. The day train for Brunswick will leave Atlanta at 8 a.m.

Snowy French Fabrics.

Two years ago they had the distinction of having two exhibitions in the possession of Doucet, has the unique distinction of a trimming of yellow silk embroidery. The silk, which is four inches wide, is scalloped and worked in loops and is gathered in frills to edge the sailor collar, the bottoms of the short

skirt.

Now, I don't know whether the divorced wife of the late Mrs. D. L. Davis, but I have an absolute fact that she has been their family physician every since their marriage, and their first and only child is named for her. Certainly a stranger story was never recorded and the possibility it contains for a romance or drama are exhaustless.

Two of the most interesting people I ever met spend a part of each year in Los Angeles, where they gather about them a charming circle of interesting people. They are Mr. and Mrs. McCloskey, two artists who have made a world-wide reputation.

Two years ago they had the distinction of having two exhibitions in the possession of Doucet, has the unique distinction of a trimming of yellow silk embroidery. The silk, which is four inches wide, is scalloped and worked in loops and is gathered in frills to edge the sailor collar, the bottoms of the short

skirt.

It is a beautiful drive along a blue five hundred feet high overlooking the sea; this at the end overlooks a canyon of eternal green. This is cultivated by a colony of Mexicans whose little cottages look like children's play houses. They are content in lovingly about the base of the mountain and one can see for miles the beautiful bosom sparkling with multi-colored lights. Its breath, bracing and refreshing, meets and minglest with that of the land laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, roses and heliotrope. All along on the right-hand side of this drive are beautiful homes, small brown houses set into color like brightly-decked Mexican women; stately mansions whose pretentiousness is beautified by flowers as they are dressed in their make-up. The splendor shines by perfume and gentle manners. The handsomest home here is that of Senator Jones, of Nevada. The great brown house with its many windows and broad plazas is built in the center of ideal grounds, laid out into shrubs and bordered by roses and camellias and shaded by palm trees whose magnificence would make our nursery products blush for their insignificance. The stables are entirely cov-

puffed sleeves and those of the bloomer drawers.

Another that is to take its "headers" at Trouville this summer—or more probably its nice dry bath on the sands—is of nylons, which are well suited to prettiness, boldness and a certain dash.

Black satin, with a vast sailor collar and skirt hem six inches deep of scarlet satin, is yet another Parisian symphony for the sea. In the corners of the flaming curtains are worked big anchors in black, and this costume scarlet stockings will be worn, and on the head a scarlet silk handkerchief that ties in a knot with assymetrical ends.

Caps and Handkerchiefs.

As to these head handkerchiefs and all the other impediments that go with bathing clothes: The handkerchiefs are more chic and becoming than the oilskin caps and gaiters in vogue. They are a protection to the hair, of course, but there are no great protection either (besides being ugly, which is a crime), and with the head carried in a high soft coil, caught by a white albatross, it is a portrait to charm the eye and delight the artistic sense with its variety in tone, form and individual expression.

Another lady in sitting to the same artist for her picture insisted that they should make her dress and figure have that "soft air" like Mrs. Taylor's.

"Mine doesn't look stylish like hers," said the aggrieved beauty, and it was difficult to explain that she had to be painted as she had made her and not in imitation of somebody else.

Stockings.

Stockings are in solid tints, red, blue and black, but there are also some with plain centers and striped borders and very dashy ones in great gaudy plaids.

Stockings are in solid tints or are else divided with a sock effect into a light and a dark section, which style, however, as to be brilliant and attractive, is limited to the slimmest extremities. Ladies with what the circus clown humorously but ungallantly, dubs "planny legs" (begging

excuse) are to be seen in the same.

These maidens are in solid tints, red, blue and black, but there are also some with plain centers and striped borders and very dashy ones in great gaudy plaids.

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A NAUGHTY AFTERNOON.

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There was such a fine strawberry field up behind the hill, and the berries were so red and luscious, and the sky was so blue, and the wind was so soft, and it was such a pity to lose such a seldom afternoon, and couldn't I go with the girls and get some strawberries? Maidie was going, and Patty, and the minister's daughter was going,



THIS IS WHAT GRANDMOTHERS ARE GOOD FOR.

and half a dozen of the girls, and they would have such a good time, and I never did go anywhere, and couldn't I go just this once? And after a half hour's coaxing, go I did, on the condition of Julia putting on a clean apron and following along, and every well-meaning promise that I would mind her, and with a shower of injunctions from grandma that she should keep me out of harm's way. Poor Julia!

What an afternoon it was! I am sure they don't have such afternoons now. We found the sweetest and spiciest long-stemmed strawberries, not so big as those that grow in boxes now-a-days, but, dear me! If they were strawberries, those of the boxes are only poor ghosts of strawberries, so far as flavor and perfume and deliciousness go! We covered the bottom of our little pails, and our clean frocks were a sight to see; and then I think it was Patty, the litho and tiny fairy, who proposed the river—we were not far from the saw mills at Union Falls.

In vain Julia clucked after us, the plan once started, wherever Patty led we always followed, and all Julia could do was to fill the air with remonstrances as she kept along behind us. So on we rushed, over the fences, across the road, down the steep and through the sandy places, until the open river, above the great sawmills, whose buzz filled the air afar off like the drone of great bumble bees, lay before us. Just such a shout in degree the Greeks gave when they saw the sea.

After all, though, the river was not so open; it was full of a great boom of logs that had come down from the lake, the outer ones tied together, the inner ones moving freely as they could. But the reflection of the blue sky, with the sunshine and shadow in the rifts between the logs made the most resplendent color and sparkle, something like the beautiful red purple on the wings of a wasp in the sun. However, we only knew we saw it by remembering it afterwards. "Come, come, come!" cried Patty. "Who's for a ride on the logs?" And even in calling she had plunged down the sandy way and out upon the logs in the river and every one of us after her—Julia's voice now a perfect wail of lamentation, for run upon the diving, dipping, lurching, rolling logs she couldn't.

Neither could. But that made no difference. What Patty and Matty and Fanny and Maidie and the rest could do, I was bound to do, too. None of them danced along the logs as Patty did, though; light as if on air, confident and easy as if upon the grass, while one of Maidie's feet went down into the river, and both of Fanny's shoes were full of water, and there were shrieks of laughter and calls of fear from all the rest. I could not imagine why I could not dance along as that little fairy creature did; but I was determined, and if I was not fearless I was more afraid of my fear than of the water. But indeed it meant something to go down into that water; it meant to be swept in under the mills, perhaps to be cut to pieces by the great wheels, surely to go over the falls at the dam and be seen no more. I afterward learned that the reason I could not fly over the boom as Patty did was because I was near-sighted and could not see the logs and where to put my feet, for as the log rolled the instant it was touched, it was only touch and go and alight upon the next. But you had to see it in order to alight upon it. The wonder is that I didn't go down at the third step. But in a bold dash at Fate, and with now a successful spring, and now Maidie's hand for a second, and not Patty's, and so far across that there was no help for it and returning were as tedious as to go o'er," and at the last moment, just as the others rushed up the incline on which the logs were drawn into the mill, and with one despairing scream I sprang to know not where, one of the millmen hooking up the logs reached out and hooked my dress with his long pole and drew me in and gave me his great strong hand, and I ran breathlessly and blindly after the others to precipitate myself upon a huge log that was moving slowly up to the saw, which went to and fro with an awful and terrifying regularity, sawing off the upper bark in one long thick slab. Just as we reached the saw we all threw ourselves off, pell-mell, and darted back for another

ride, our cries of delight echoing over all the whirl in the dark corners of the dingy mill.

But after an ecstatic half-hour of this we decided, very much to the relief of the millmen, I dare say, who knew there was a certain amount of danger in the business, and had to keep on guard over us, that as Julia was, by this time, on her way home to report us, and we were in for reproof or punishment, we might as well make the best of it—and there was the sluice.

To reach the sluice we had to go over open places in the mill with the black water underneath that made you shudder to look down; and the great wheel threw its spray over us, and here were pits full of foam, and here were narrow causeways that no one knows how we skimmed over and came out on the other side of the river, in New Brunswick then, and beside the sluice.

The sluice was an open box, a half mile long, perhaps, at least it seemed as long to use, some two feet wide and deep, made of thick deals and mounted on stout stilts into which a portion of the river was diverted below the dam, running there like mad and carrying with it the newly sawed flat boards that were shot into it here at the mills and at its farther end slipped over and into the deep still river. And again Patty had taken the lead and thrown herself upon a board in the sluice, and was shooting along at mill-race speed, shouting with delight and throwing our dress skirts over our shoulders and tucking out other skirts as well as we could under our elbows. We had each seized our board in passing, and stooping until we almost sat upon our heels, were sweeping along like a train of comets. Pantaloons were ruined, shoes and stockings were wet through—oh, rot only shoes and stockings—we were wet all through and all over. Wet as water nymphs, as wild, as irresponsible, and as full of frolic, we sailed along and filled the world about us with cries and laughter. And then, just as the end came in sight, pangs of fright assailed us lest we should not get off in season and should shoot over into the deep river and death, and we caught at the black and slippery edge of the landward side of the sluice and threw ourselves anywhere if we might escape so; and then, wet and wicked, ran and tumbled back to begin it all over again, but before

it is a good thing to learn thrifty habits while still young. Nobody should be stingy, but everybody should be able to save a part of what they get. If you will begin young, it will come easier as you grow older.

Girls and boys don't bother themselves much about such matters, and it is very well that they do not. But a little hint thrown out now and then about the practical side of life does no harm, and may do some good. I don't want to bore you by sermons on what you ought to do, and I hope that the young folks will pardon me if I give them a little advice once in a while.

YOUNG FOLKS CORRESPONDENCE



AWAY WE WENT OVER THE FENCE.

we had enough, the first rosy flush of declining afternoon was on sky and river, and we knew the hour of reckoning had come. My lovely new buff gingham gown, tucked to the waist! It was wet to the waist, too; and here the tucks were ripped out and hung in festoons, and here the gathers were torn from the belt; my white tier was a sodden string; my hair ribbon was gone, and my hair was out of braid—all loose and dripping and snarled. A disreputable looking little object crept in at a side door, ready to pay for her fun, but hoping she would not have to do so. Vain hope, with the angry and disgraced Julia at home! The little object was seized and brought to the bar of justice out of hand.

Perhaps the appearance of the small, wet and limp bundle of rags saved her; it may have been a smile on my mother's face; it certainly was a titter that Aunt Kate gave behind her book; and grandma, as usual, was hunting for her spectacles, which were on top of her head, so that I could not see her sweet old face. But, anyway, I was dismissed powerless to bed—or degrading piece of penance to a girl of my size, while the sun shone. Then bathed and rubbed and combed and shaken and scolded, as I was by Julia, how good was the soft cool bed, all being over; and daylight or not, in two minutes after touching the pillow I knew nothing more till I 'oke, some hours later, to see grandma in the semi-darkness of the room—the lar, pitiful soul—with a glass of milk and a square of gingerbread which she had surreptitiously obtained. "That is what grandmothers are for," she used to say.

And the next day, no sooner was school out in the afternoon than we were down exploring one of the huge piles of boards on the river edge behind and below the house, in whose crannies we made our dollhouse, and on the long loose ends of those uneven boards we teetered and rode wild horses, completely oblivious to the fact that if our careening steeds should give an unexpectedly high bounce in their elastic movements we would be tossed like a ball into the deep waters of the St. Croix.

week. I mentioned some very good story books which have interested generations of boys and girls, and are still interesting all children who like to read good stories. To give you all a chance to read some good story books, I am going to offer some prizes before long—some story books. Now what sort of contests would you all like to have? I wish that The Junior could give every one of the young correspondents a good story book; but there are too many thousand of you that this will be impossible. Those who are willing to work for them, however, shall have a chance to get them, and I want you to choose for yourselves just what sort of contests you want. Make some suggestions in your letters.

Max Halifax.

The following letters were written by two little girls to their grandfather on his sixty-third birthday. They were written without assistance, and are so nicely composed that it is with great pleasure we publish them.

Covington, Ga.—My Dear Grandpa: As a general thing we get home from school sooner on Friday than on any other day. The whole school marched in line to the cemetery. We did not get home until after 6 o'clock.

I know you have been to many decoration exercises, but I am only a little girl ten years old, and Sunday you will be sixty-three years old, and that will make you fifty-three years older than I am.

When you were ten years old there wasn't any soldiers dead for you to put flowers on their grave. I put some very pretty flowers on a grave.

Papa went to Atlanta this morning, and is coming back on the evening train.

I am so glad that summer is coming again. I don't object to going to school, but all little folks

like vacation, and I know that it will be enjoyed by your little grand daughter,

ROSEBUD.

Covington, Ga.—My Dear Grandpa: As Sunday is your birthday, I think I can at least give you a letter for a present.

Every time I hear a person say anything about his age, I always think of the little verses I learned at school. It runs thus:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most

lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

I will be the Freshman class next year, if I am promoted; and Professor Wright will be my teacher.

Spring is here again and I know you feel proud to have been born in the spring of the year, because every thing seems to be coming into life.

I hope many a birthday will find you happy, and if possible down here with all of us, and especially with—your loving granddaughter,

HELEN.

Minnie L. Swiss, Maywood, Neb.—Dear Junior: This is my first letter to The Junior, and as I have seen no letters from Nebraska, I will endeavor to start the list of writers from this state.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I go to school every day. I study reading, spelling, history, grammar, physiology, civil government, arithmetic, geography, drawing and botany. Grammar and botany are my favorites.

I live in a little town of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, in the drought-stricken part of Nebraska. I have one brother who is thirteen years old.

I will answer two questions of Billie Pitchford's:

The key of the Bastile, which was presented to Washington by Lafayette, is still at Mt. Vernon.

Webster said these words on Alexander Hamilton: "He touched the corpse of public credit and it rose to its feet."

I will ask my Junior readers two questions:

Who was called "Pathfinder?"

In what century were Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed?

Annie F. Pinson, Floyd, La.—Dear Junior: This is my first letter to you. I have not seen any letters from Floyd, so I thought that I would write.

I enjoy reading The Junior very much. I am fourteen years old; I am a farmer's daughter. I like country life much better than city life. I live five miles from Floyd. It is a very pretty place, and is situated on the bank of Bayou Macon.

I have four sisters and two brothers younger than myself.

I will answer Pearl Marie Wagner's question:

The United States bought the island of Manhattan for \$25.

Now I will ask a question:

What kin was Abraham's wife to him before marriage?

I send 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Clara Smith, St. Marks, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have long wanted to join your happy band.

Our school closed last Friday; I was very sorry, for I like to go very much, but will try to make myself useful by helping mamma with her work.

The 26th of this month is my birthday; I will be eleven years old; and mamma says if I will be good and smart, she will give me a birthday dinner. Papa says he will carry me with him to the exposition next fall, and then I hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you.

I will answer Ethel Johnson and Lillian Carter's riddle: "The Ohio river."

I enclose 5 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

J. Dan Woodall, Barnesville, Ga.—Dear Junior: I like to read The Junior very much. We run a dairy farm. I am thirteen years old and I run a two-horse plow. Sometimes we go fishing, and we catch them as big as my little finger! How is this for a fish story?

I will answer J. Howard Davis's question.

The United States paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska in 1867.

I will ask two questions:

Who did Pocahontas marry?

When was cotton first planted in Virginia?

I send 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Emmie Doquemore, Clifton, Ga.—Dear Junior: I come knocking at your door this morning, and would be delighted to gain admittance to your charming circle.

I am a dairymen's daughter. My father had the misfortune of losing his barn by fire, but is now rebuilding it.

Brother and I enjoy reading The Junior and Little Mr. Thimblefinger very much.

I enclose 10 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

W. E. Hunter, Liberty, La.—Dear Junior: I am a little boy ten years old. I am not going to school at present. When I did go my studies were: Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography.

I have two brothers living, one dead, two little sisters; I am the oldest of the six.

I will send The Junior 5 cents for the children's ward.

I will answer Edwick Orr's question:

It was General Reed who said: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the king of England is not rich enough to buy me."

I will ask a question:

Who asked Nabal for bread for his starving men?

Jennie F. Dunagan, Dunagan, Ga.—Dear Junior: I enclose 5 cents for the children's ward of the Grady hospital.

I like to read very much, and I enjoy reading the Junior more than anything else.

I live seven miles east of Gainesville. My papa is a merchant and farmer, and the postoffice is at our place.

I will close by answering Ethel Johnston's and Lillian Carter's riddle:

What river is round at both ends and "hi" in the middle? The Ohio river.

Much love to Aunt Susie and all the cousins.

Mollie St. John, Cottonwood, Tex.—Dear Junior:

Enclosed find 10 cents for the Grady hospital. I am eleven years old. I have a piano and take music lessons twice a week. I go to day school and am in the fifth grade. I read The Junior and the stories in it.

Minnie Mull, Camp Creek, N. C.—Dear Junior:

I am a little girl six years old; I help sister do the house work, such as sweep the house, yards, etc.

I have a doll which I love to play with very much; I call her Mandy Louise.

I send 5 cents for the children's ward for the Grady hospital.

Cricket Fighting.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and never lose an opportunity to bet, no matter how trivial the cause may be. One of great institutions is cricket-fighting, the crickets being caught, fed and trained as carefully as a blooded horse. There is a fixed diet for them, part of the food consisting of honey and boiled chestnuts. If they get sick, they are fed with mosquitoes. Prior to fighting, their weight is ascertained and duly recorded, there being a fixed regulation as to their size and weight. On the door of the house in which the fight is to take place the record of each cricket is pasted up, and the owner of the winner gets 10 per cent of all the bets. The cricket pit is a low tub placed on a table, and, after weighing, the combatants are put in it and tickled with straws until they rush at each other with loud chirrups and fight until one of them is killed. Good fighting crickets are very valuable and are often sold for large sums.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., May 12, 1895.

A Bit of Naval History.

There is nothing in American history of which we have so much reason to feel proud as the achievements of the United States navy in the wars of the revolution and 1812. Mr. James Barnes, in Harper's Weekly, gives the following account of a famous action in southern seas during our war with Great Britain in 1812:

"Captain L. Warrington, of Virginia, has been given the command of the Peacock, sloop of war, eighteen guns. He expects soon to set sail and cruise to the southward in search of the enemy."

"Such is the personal note appearing in that enterprising newspaper, The Register, published in March, 1814.

"The Captain Warrington referred to was but little known to the country at large, but those in a position of influence in the naval department must have discerned his worth and well estimated his valor, for they had given him command of the gallant little Peacock, of eighteen guns (really mounting twenty-two) and a crew of 160 men.

"In the middle of March he sailed from New York harbor and cruised, without events of much importance, along the Florida shore as far as Cape Canaveral. On the 29th of April, in latitude 27 degrees 47 minutes north and 80 degrees 9 minutes west longitude, the lookout spied three sails off to the windward. From the cut of the third, a brig, it was easy to mark her as a man-of-war.

"Upon the appearance of the Peacock the merchantmen hauled their wind and the brig bore away for the American. She gallantly commenced the action, and at no time showed a disposition to take advantage of being to windward and escaping with her consorts.

"There was no halting and little maneuvering. The two vessels began to fire at each other as soon as they were within range. In the beginning of the action the Peacock received two thirty-two-pound shot in her foreyard and her head sails were rendered almost useless. She was compelled to run at large, and again was proved, what no authority on the other side could ever deny, the infinitely superior gunnery that existed under the system in vogue in the American navy.

"For a long time after the war there was much controversy concerning the weights of armament of the vessels engaged in single actions between this country and Great Britain. In this affair it is only just to say that the Peacock carried thirty-two more in her crew; the number of guns was exactly the same, but the Peacock's broadside was about one and one-quarter pounds heavier to the gun.

"The action was continued for some time at close quarters, and once Captain Warrington drew off and hailed to ascertain whether his antagonist had struck, for her flag had been shot away.

"On renewing the engagement the uselessness of continuing to fight was soon made apparent to the commander of the Epervier. She had received no less than forty-five shot in her hull, and had twenty-two men killed and wounded; the main topmast was over her side. In fact, all her standing rigging and spars were injured, and five feet of water was already in her hold.

"In hauling off to count up his injuries, Warrington discovered, to his delight, that not one round shot had reached his hull, that not one of his crew was killed and only two were wounded. The effect of this news and the easy victory stimulated the Americans to tremendous exertion in trying to save the prize.

"Upon boarding her it was discovered that she carried \$118,000 in specie, and must have been a fine vessel when she commenced the action. With great difficulty the Americans succeeded in stopping some of the shot-holes beneath water, and turned all attention to caring for the prisoners and wounded, reeling new rigging and staying the tottering mainmast.

"The prize had struck at 11 o'clock a. m. At sunset she was in a comparatively safe position and sail could be made. To his horror, the American commander had found upon boarding the Epervier that three impressed American seamen by the names of Johnson, Peters and Roberts had been killed. Often and often had it occurred that the impressed sailors for whom the United States had gone to war had been compelled to take up arms and serve the guns directed against the vessels of their own country. The anger at the news of these outrages must have done much to animate the brave seamen who sought to revenge them.

"A contemporary speaks of the Epervier in this fashion: 'She is one of the finest vessels of her class belonging to the enemy built in 1812. She appears to have been one of their "bragging vessels," for it is said that when she left London bets were made that she would take an American sloop of war or a small frigate.' The odds must have been laid against events of that character hereafter.

"Warrington determined to save the prize if possible, and placed her in command of Lieutenant J. B. Nicholson, with orders to proceed at once to Savannah. Knowing ever

the old sailing days, when the knowledge of wind and tide could be reckoned a factor in winning naval honors.

"The Peacock spoke the Epervier, and some conversation was carried on. They were abreast of Amelia Island, and the frigates were approaching and crowding on all sail.

"Lieutenant Nicholson shouted to Captain Warrington to take off the crew from the Epervier, and leave him and his sixteen men to handle her. Warrington complied, and endeavored to draw off the oncomers, it being his intention to try to slip into St. Mary's. Only one frigate fell to the ruse, and came about upon the Peacock's trail. The Epervier, which drew little water, kept well in shore, and under a light breeze made good headway. The wind, however, soon died to almost a calm, and the big vessel outside in the deeper water lowered her boats and manned them all, intending to cut out and retake the prize inshore. Fitful gusts of wind swept the captured vessel along, but during every pause the steady rowing of the British sailors brought the armed boats nearer. Suddenly they stopped all exertion, for Nicholson was shouting orders through his speaking trumpet as if in command of one hundred men, instead of scarcely enough to haul his sheets and tacks. The ports dropped with a clatter, and the boatswain's whistle rang out shrilly. The Englishmen were astounded, and feared that they had been drawn into a trap. Turning tail they scuttled out of range as quickly as possible and returned to the frigate. A breeze sprung up at this moment, and Nicholson was able to keep the Epervier on her course, and on the 1st of May the brig arrived safe in Savannah. Three days later the Peacock came in also.

"Warrington's delight on seeing that his prize was safe was great, and he reported the Epervier in the following words: 'She is one of the finest sloops of war, and is well calculated for our service. She sails extremely fast, and will require but little to send her to sea, as her armament and stores are complete.'

"In his letter to the secretary of the navy, when at sea, on the night of the action, he speaks of his crew in this manly fashion: 'Every officer, seaman and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.'

"The Peacock did not remain long inactive, but sailed for the bay of Biscay, and cruising along the coast of Portugal and among the islands. Time and again she was chased by English vessels, and was kept dodging from one position to another to avoid the many squadrons. It was not her luck to come across another vessel of war anything like her size, but she captured handily fourteen sail of merchantmen.

"The commerce destroyers of those days were not spoken of in that term, but the trade of Great Britain was crippled, severely by the swift-sailing privateers and our handy little sloops of war."

How Billy Pushed Things.

The amount realized in a collection not infrequently depends on the individual who "takes it up." This fact is well realized by a good pastor who serves in a Colorado mission. "We keep him," writes Dean Hart, of Denver, giving the pastor's name, "on the frontier. He is a rough diamond and has a knack with the miners."

Not long ago this excellent preacher went to a camp called Rico, borrowed the dance hall over the saloon for his service, "rounding up the boys," as he expresses it, and filled the hall.

After the sermon came the collection. This was a very important feature. The preacher cast his eyes over his audience and saw a certain "hard case," known as Billy the Kid.

"Billy," he said, "take up the collection."

Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat and with an air of importance and dignity, made his way around to the front and held out the hat toward a spruce young miner on the foremost chair.

The young man dropped in a quarter of a dollar. Billy looked at the coin with one eye closed. Then he looked at the young man and put his own hand around under his coat tails to the place where, in that part of the country, revolvers are known to be carried.

"Look here, young man," said Billy, gravely, "take that back! This here's a dollar show!"

Then, with his hat in one hand and the other still on the revolver, he moved around the hall and got as many dollars as there were people.

Too Curious.

A certain down-east storekeeper was so offensively inquisitive that it was determined to teach him a lesson. Among his failings was a desire to examine the contents of every package which his friends deposited in his store for safe keeping; he must see the inside if he had to break the package open. One day a man left a stout leather bag, asking that no one disturb it. The proprietor walked around restlessly for a while, and then stopped near the bag. Apparently no one was looking, in reality all the store loungers were in the secret and were anxiously awaiting his next move. He nervously fingered the cord that tied the top of the bag for a minute and then quickly untied it. He had no time to look in before the contents came forth. They consisted of a score of large and spirited hornets, and the way they lit on all the exposed portions of that inquisitive man was a caution. He shot out of the store at a pace that would have done credit to a sprinter. They say that for a year afterwards he hardly looked into his own sugar barrel without asking permission.

The Fairies' Club.

The Fairies, a social club of West End, gave a delightful little social on Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. D. W. Pope, 149 Lee street. A delightful little program was rendered. Those present were Armstrong, Ethel Clardy, Susie Sam, Lillian Helfner, Eva Mathews, Ethel Alma Pope, Bessie Ray, Turner, Myrtle Tye, Minna Pope and Susie Mae Pope.

A REPENTED REBELLION.

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I.

This is the true story of two little Italians and their war of independence.

Carlino Chiesa and Beppo Morelli were aged respectively eleven and twelve years. They labored together in Neapolitan restaurant hard by Washington square, for the very modest wages of \$1 a week and all the spaghetti they could eat. Old Carlo, proprietor of the restaurant, and a kindly soul, though somewhat rough spoken, treated the urchins well on the whole, although he quite frequently cuffed them soundly when they offended. Never for a moment did he dream that they would resent his paternal system of government.

Now, it must be hard to save money on \$1 a week, yet Beppo and Carlino, after the lapse of several months, succeeded in laying by a really respectable sum. None but the boys themselves knew of the little joint bank account which they had opened, and old Carlo began to be greatly puzzled regarding certain strange signs of independence displayed by his assistants. He was altogether dumbfounded when, on coming down to breakfast one morning, he found beside his plate the following notice, in somewhat shaky Italian:



They Had Hardly Gone a Few Blocks, When Down Came the Treacherous Rain.

"To the Villainous Tyrant, the Padrone Carlo Magliabecchi—Miscreant!—We, the Signore Carlino Chiesa and Beppo Morelli, hereby inform you that we propose to quit your abominable service forthwith, and to engage in the shoe-blacking and banana trades unless you swear to grant us the following concessions: 1. That you raise our weekly wages from \$1 to \$2. 2. That you cease to address us as 'thou,' which is a term for children and slaves, and that in future you use the more honorable 'you.' 3. That you accord the Signor Chiesa, aforesaid, full permission to change his name to 'Church,' the same being the meaning in the English tongue of his patronymic. 4. That the Signore Carlino and Beppo be permitted to sleep until 7 o'clock every morning and that they shall enjoy total relief from all cuffs, boxes on the ears and such like degrading inflictions. The cowardly miscreant to whom this pronunciamento is addressed as requested to answer immediately.

(Signed) "CARLINO CHURCH,
Formerly CHIESA.
BEPRO MORELLI."

The first sound that issued from old Carlo's lips, after perusal of this document, was a loud laugh. Then he sent for the boys and told them, with affected anger, that he positively declined to grant any of their requests, and that they might leave his employ whenever they chose. The result of this emphatic speech was that Carlino and Beppo departed from the restaurant that very afternoon.

II.

They hied them straightway to the Banca Neapolitana, in Sullivan street, where their money lay. In a few minutes the entire sum, \$21, had been drawn out. They boys felt, with a glow of pride, that they were rich and independent.

On the strength of independence and riches they ordered a most filling dinner at a restaurant notorious for its rivalry with that of their late employer, and topped off the goodly feast with a big bottle of Nebiola.

Once more sallying forth they spent a considerable portion of their wealth in the purchase of a fruit stand. Now, the man who sold them the stand was a sharp fellow from the Brindisi district, and he cheated them shamefully. The fruit, which he had guaranteed as fresh, became utterly spoiled in a day or two, and was only fit to throw away. Only two customers patronized the little vendor, and the entire takings of the stand amounted, after the third day, to 50 cents. Meanwhile the boys had taken a tiny room in a miserable tenement, and one evening certain of their countrymen stole in while they slept and stole \$5 from beneath Carlino's pillow.

The only resort left was to sell the denuded fruit stand at a ruinous sacrifice and invest in a boot-blacking box and the necessary brushes. This took the very last cent possessed by our speculators, and there were no big bottle of Nebiola and gargantuan feasts for them that day.

However, they were very hopeful as they set out with the shoe-blacking apparatus. Horrors of horrors! They had hardly gone four blocks when down came the treacherous rain. It rained all that day and most of the next, and when Carlino had opined that there was no more rainwater left in the celestial reservoir, there came a continuous fall of snow instead.

If only the boys had been able to hold out until a change in the weather, they might have reaped a fine harvest, but hunger gnawed at their vitals, and the appearance of that snow simply destroyed their last hope. Accordingly, they sold the shoe-blacking plant at half cost and ate ravenously upon the product of the sacrifice.

III.

On the following morning as old Carlo, their ex-tyrant, was once more sitting

down to his breakfast, he perceived beside his plate a folded slip of paper.

"Oh," he said, "another manifesto." This manifesto, however, differed greatly in character from its predecessor. It read in this wise:

"To the excellent proprietor and worthy patron, Signor Carlo Magliabecchi, greeting.—Excellency, we, your very much mistaken and humble servants, Carlino Chiesa (no longer 'Church'), and Beppo Morelli, having failed in business, do most earnestly request you to take us back into your admirable household. We will gladly labor for one dollar, as before; will be honored if you accept us as 'Thou' and will cheerfully arise at the sixth hour. The aforesaid Carlino does not desire to be called 'Church' any more, 'Chiesa' being a good enough name for one so unworthy. If the excellent signor will be good enough to kick his servants they will feel gratified. The signor is humbly invited to reply at his worshipful leisure.

"CARLINO CHIESA,
'No longer 'Church.'
BEPRO MORELLI."

Old Carlo winked both eyes, one after the other, when he read this letter. Then he laughed all over, drank a big draught of red wine, and sent for the penitents.

"They came before him abashed, grimy and ragged. 'Oh,' quoth Carlo, 'do I behold in sooth the worthy merchants and boot shiners, the Signore Morelli and Chiesa—I beg pardon, 'Church'! What can a poor restaurant keeper do for the worthy dealers in fruit this morning?'

Beppo broke down and blubbered; Carlino wept in chorus.

"What can I do for you?" once more asked Carlo.

"Excellent patron," sniveled Beppo, "I pray you to call me 'thou.'"

"Excellent patron," whined Carlino, "I implore you to address me no more as 'Church.'"

Of course, Carlo was only having a little jocular revenge with the bankrupt rebels, and he pretended after a while to relent at the request of a party of artists who breakfasted at his place and laughed heartily over the story. Carlino and Beppo were taken back into the restaurant, and very subdued youngsters they proved for many months thereafter. Old Carlo has given up cuffing them. He finds that a more successful mode of punishment is to ask Beppo the current price of bananas, address Chiesa as "Signor Church," or call either boy with the dignified and obnoxious "you," instead of the friendly and familiar "thou."

GERALD JNO. BRENNAN.

MOZART'S MARVELOUS MEMORY

There lived in the latter part of the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century a priest by name of Gregorio Allegri, a member of the same family of Correggio, the famous painter.

He was celebrated for his lovely character, as he devoted himself to the poor of Rome and spent his leisure hours visiting prisons and pesthouses; but he is still more noted for the famous miserere for nine voices in two choirs, which for many years was sung annually during holy week in the pontifical chapel. It is one of the most exquisite of all religious compositions, and so highly was it prized that it was considered a crime to copy it, punished by excommunication from the church.

When Mozart's father took his wonderful son upon his travels they arrived in Rome during holy week and went immediately to the Sistine chapel, where this boy of fourteen, enchanted with the beauty of the place and enthralled by the music, listened so attentively that he was able to write down the entire work from memory. On Good Friday he put the manuscript in his little cocked hat and went to the services again.

This time, unknown to any one, he copied one or two passages that were slightly incorrect, with a pencil. The feat made a great sensation, and, strange to say, he was not reprimanded. Long afterwards he sang and played his copy with the singer, Christoforo, who had sung it in the Sistine chapel, and he pronounced it perfect in all its small details.

ESTHER SINGLETON.

Cat and Dog.

A Brooklyn man is the owner of a large, black Newfoundland dog and a little white cat. When the dog was only two weeks old, he gave it to the cat to adopt, she having at that time an interesting family of six kittens. She made room for him at once. Of course he grew very rapidly and in a short time was bigger than his foster mother, but he evidently appreciated the care bestowed upon him, and was never rough or unruly toward his little companions. The old cat continued to watch over him tenderly, and it was very funny to see her bristle up and fly at any dog that dared to approach her charge. Now that he is a year old, the big dog watches over the cat, and woe betide the dog that dares to snarl at her.

An Ocean Postoffice.

There are postoffices in the United States where the postmaster receives less than a dollar a year salary, but the smallest, simplest and best protected postoffice in the world is in the straits of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small keg or cask and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. The postoffice is self-acting and unprovided with a postmaster, and is therefore under the protection of all the navies of the world.

William as a Smuggler.

Some years ago a tame, long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a continental one, says London Notes and Queries. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat, many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close; round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened, the

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1895.

HOW HARRY SAVED THE BOOM.

By J. W. Merrill.

"Mother, they're going to cut the boom!" "What is that, Harry?" questioned Mrs. Gaines, looking into the face of the perspiring boy before her; "going to cut the boom—what boom?"

"Why, father's boom, of course."

"Who is going to cut it?"

"Old Sam Doward and his men. They're planning how they'll do it tonight, and let



"MOTHER, THEY ARE GOING TO CUT THE BOOM!"

all the logs down the river, and lose themselves in the big lake," said Harry Gaines, talking so rapidly as to be hardly intelligible.

Harry was fifteen, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Gaines, of Millpond, the seat of a district school, and the site of a small sawmill, the latter the property of David Gaines.

"I don't think Samuel Doward would dare cut our boom, Harry," said the mother at length. "It would ruin your father."

"That's just what Doward said, and what he aimed to do," returned the boy. "Old Sam hates father like poison, mother."

"I suppose so," murmured the mother. "It is an old feud, and Samuel Doward is wholly to blame. But that doesn't help matters any. Tell me what you heard, Harry."

"I was over to Doward's playing with one of his boys. We were in the barn, when I heard them talking—Old Sam and two of his men. They had a bottle of whisky between them, and drank from it every few minutes."

"Perhaps it was the liquor that talked, Harry," suggested Mrs. Gaines.

"I don't think so. Old Sam was sober enough to know what he was talking about," declared Harry. "He argued that as all our millmen had gone off to Muskego to spend the Fourth, and father was absent in Chicago, now would be a good time to cut the boom. He said some of his logs were in the boom, and that would give him a lawful excuse, if father made a fuss."

"It would not, though."

"Maybe not," said Harry, "but once the boom is cut, and father's logs—all he has cut and stored during the past year—gone into Lake Michigan—he couldn't collect a cent."

The mother knew this to be true.

Samuel Doward was a lumberman without character or standing in the community. He owned a small mill five miles below Millpond, and made a great flourish without doing much business. It was true that a few of Doward's logs had floated inside the Gaines boom. The latter had agreed to sort these few from among his vast accumulation of logs as rapidly as possible, and in case of any damage to the lower mill owner, to pay liberally.

Sam Doward seemed satisfied with this, and so it rested until the morning of the Fourth of July.

The Gaines mill shut down for two days on account of the national holiday, the millmen going to Muskego, twenty miles distant, to celebrate.

As Mr. Gaines was absent at Chicago, there were left on the mill side of the river only two families, while Doward and a crew of a dozen red-shirted loggers occupied the settlement opposite.

"If Samuel Doward does cut our boom—"

"But, mother, he must not be allowed to cut it," cried Harry, his cheeks flushing and his eyes flashing. "What will father say, if he comes home tomorrow and finds himself ruined by his neighbor?"

"He will know that he is ruined by his wicked neighbor," said the mother in a helpless way. "Oh, it cannot be that Samuel Doward will do such a terrible thing. Go to him, Harry, and plead with him!"

"Never!" exclaimed the boy, with flashing eyes.

"Then I will."

"No, mother, you shall not," cried the indignant boy. "It is not for such as you to beg of a villain like Sam Doward. I'll fix him if he attempts to carry out his plot."

Harry left the presence of his mother

and walked swiftly over to the house of a neighbor named Burdick.

"Tom, will you lend me old Killdeer?" Tom Burdick was a boy about Harry's age.

"What do you want of the old musket on the Fourth, Hal? Going to celebrate?" asked young Burdick.

"I expect to do a little hunting tonight," returned Harry.

The Burdick boy brought out the old-fashioned shotgun, which had been an heirloom in the family for many years, and gave it to Harry.

"I have plenty of ammunition at home," said Harry, declining the proffer of powder horn and shot pouch.

"And a better shotgun than old Killdeer, too," returned Tom Burdick. "Hal, I believe you are up to some mischief. Won't you tell me about it?"

"Yes," replied Harry, after a moment's hesitation. "Come over to our barn, Tom; I believe I can trust you, and I need a helper."

The two boys walked away in company. Once in the Gaines barn, Harry told of the plans of Sam Doward to cut his father's boom.

"My goodness! Hal, that'll ruin your father!" exclaimed the Burdick boy. "Old Sam is a low down scoundrel if ever there was one."

"Will you help me, Tom?"

"Help you, Hal—how?"

"To beat Old Sam out of his boots."

"Can it be done?"

"Yes. Listen to me, Tom." Harry Gaines laid his plans before his boy friend, the latter listening with the deepest interest to every word.

"By gracious! Hal, I'm with you there!" exclaimed Tom Burdick, when everything had been explained to him. "Since there won't be any bloodshed I don't think my folks will care."

The night of the Fourth of July fell darkly over the forest and river.

Old Sam Doward had laid his plans for the sweeping destruction of his hated neighbors's property, and, in his half-maudlin condition, he was happy.

Six of his millmen had agreed to accom-

pany him across the river to his neighbor's boom—six stalwart fellows, each with an ax with which to cut the Gaines boom.

"Old Gaines won't return from Chicago till tomorrow," declared Doward, as he arranged his forces, "and every dod-blasted one of his men has gone to Muskego to spend the Fourth; we've got a clear field. Every man gets ten dollars when the job is done."

"Hooray!"

"Quietly, quietly," warned the burly mill-owner.

"Bah! The more noise the more fun!" cried one of the boom-cutters. "There's nobody ter hum over yender but ther kob and his mother; twill be a heap of fun to skeer them. Hooray!"

It was apparent that one of the boom-cutters had taken a horn too much of Sam Doward's free whisky.

Old Sam himself was in scarcely less hilarious a state of mind.

"Get ther bug juice, Sam?" asked one

of the men, as the party set out on its mission.

"Yes, a good quart of it. We will make sure of the old boom, after which we'll take a drink all around," returned Sam Doward.

"Hooray!"

Down to the river, and across the bridge the party of would-be boom cutters made their way and arrived without mishap at the water's edge, near the goal of their desires.

"Now step down onto the logs, lads," said Doward, in a low tone. "Move softly now. That's right. Now cut her away!"

Before an ax could be raised for the fateful work a strange sound fell on the still air of night—the thud of a moving body down the steep hillside not far away.

Crash!

A huge object struck the water at an open spot not ten feet from where the six night prowlers stood, hurling an avalanche of water over them, drenching them to the skin.

This unexpected occurrence startled the boom cutters.

"Fire!"

From a clump of alders not far away came the order in a loud voice.

The next instant came a flash and stunning report.

"Murder!"

"I'm shot!" Such cries rang from the startled boom-cutters, who could only glare about in helpless terror.

"Shoot! shoot! Don't let a man escape!" yelled the voice from the hillside. Then followed another report and pellets rattled like hail stones about the men on the logs and boom.

The second shot proved a signal for a grand scramble for life on the part of the drunken millmen. A splash in the water and gurgle of horror announced that at least one of the raiders had fallen into the water below the boom.

Harry Gaines heard the splash and saw the raiders flee from the scene of their intended depredation in dismay. The lad ran down to the low bank below the boom and was just in time to save Old Sam from drowning.

Tom Burdick was not far behind his friend and the two boys succeeded in drawing the portly mill owner to land.

Puffing and strangling, Sam Doward permitted himself to be led across the dock to the Gaines mill. Once there, Harry pushed open the door to the oil room and hustled the old fellow inside.

The next instant the door was closed

The Rattler's Foe.

The rattlesnake is justly the most feared of the reptiles of North America. But he has an antagonist in the king snake worthy of his steel. The king snake is a harmless snake so far as man is concerned. Its bite is not poisonous. But it is the rattlesnake's most deadly enemy. The following story illustrates this fact. A boy in Mississippi recently started out one morning to cut a small hickory for an ax handle. Seizing his hatchet, he climbed the hill, and all went well until just as the hickory was falling, when the lad, who had been keeping a sharp lookout, as he thought, saw a huge rattle almost at his feet. The strokes of the hatchet had prevented his hearing the warning rattle of the serpent, and it was preparing to strike. With a cry of terror, he sprang wildly down the slope, stumbled and fell. Then there was a crash from above, and he was pinned to the earth, with the tree resting across his back in such a manner that he could not readily extricate himself. The noise made had been sufficient to arouse the ire of all the snakes within hearing, and the lad saw them coming from all directions, hissing and rattling. At the same time the snake close by was evidently preparing to strike him full in the face. With a rattle of increased anger, its head flew back, but just as it darted forward, a long, slim, brown-spotted body shot across Hoover's face, and in a trice was wrapped around the yellow throat, safely behind the deadly fangs. The rattler had met his master, the king snake. A short, sharp struggle ensued, and then the king snake leisurely uncoiled and crawled away, leaving its huge adversary dead. As for the remaining rattlesnakes, they had glided swiftly into their holes, and the boy soon released himself from his perilous position.

After a Whale.

"I remember a queer adventure," said the old whaler, "where the trouble came from too much anxiety and not waiting until the whale was exhausted before lanc-

"The first mate drove his boat up close to the whale, and just as the mate was going to lance, the whale gave a flip with his jaw against the boat, nearly capsized it and spilled out every man but one. That one was the mate's son, a young fellow on his first cruise.

"The mate had told me that he couldn't swim, and that if anything happened I was to look out after him, so I pulled up smart. I wasn't far away.

"After giving that flip, the whale lay there with his mouth open. A man in the water, you know, will grab anything. Well, the mate came up right at the whale's jaw. The first thing he did was to fling his arm over it and hold on. Over the whale's jaw? Certainly, the lower one, of course.

"I yelled to the boy in the boat to reach his father an oar and pull him aboard. The boy did the best he could, but the mate, finding it hard to hang on with one arm, threw a leg over the edge of the jaw, and the fool of a whale never shut his mouth—just lay there gawping until the boy got an oar where his father could lay hold, and somehow or other pulled him aboard. Then we picked up the other men and finished the whale."

A Faithful Sentry.

The foundation of military discipline is unquestioning obedience, and no punishment can be lawfully visited on a soldier for obeying any order, however absurd. In one of these institutions the superintendent is a zealous disciplinarian, and that is how he got into trouble. One day one of the pupils was doing guard duty at the outer gate when the superintendent entered. The sentry saluted and let him pass. Instantly the superintendent turned on him and demanded to know why he was not challenged. "No matter," said the man, severely, "you must challenge everybody—it is your duty." "Very well," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his musket and bringing it to a charge, "I challenge you. Give the countersign, sir!" Then it flashed on the zealous superintendent that he didn't know the password, and he tried to explain the matter; but the sentinel would listen to no excuse. "Stand there," ordered the sentry, sternly. Just then the porter made his appearance. "Young man," said he in amazement, "don't you know the superintendent?" Instantly the sentry turned on him, and cried, "Give the countersign!" Of course the porter didn't know; so he had to stand up with the superintendent, and there they both stood, looking and feeling very foolish, until the young officer of the day saw their predicament and relieved them. The centry should have been promoted, but quite likely was not even thanked.

The "Twenty-One" Problem.

Here is a table of figures. The problem is to add any six of these figures together and make twenty-one.

1	1	1
3	3	3
5	5	5
7	7	7
9	9	9

As a matter of fact the solution is impossible. Any two odd numbers added together make an even number, and six odd numbers are merely three sets of twos. In other words, one odd number added to a second odd number makes an even



"NOW CUT HER AWAY."

pany him across the river to his neighbor's boom—six stalwart fellows, each with an ax with which to cut the Gaines boom.

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It was apparent that one of the boom-cutters had taken a horn too much of Sam Doward's free whisky.

Old Sam himself was in scarcely less hilarious a state of mind.

"Get ther bug juice, Sam?" asked one

and locked. Sam Doward was a prisoner most unexpectedly. When he learned the truth he howled and pleaded wildly.

"I'm shot I tell ye, boys. Let me out or I'll have ye both hung fur murder!"

The boys were obdurate. They returned to the hillsides and remained on the watch until morning, but no second attempt was made on the boom.

Before noon of the next day Mr. Gaines returned home. Harry told the story of his defense of the boom, after which father and son, with Tom Burdick, repaired to the mill and released the prisoner.

"I've been badly wounded, sir. I'll make you smart for this!" roared the discomfited Doward to Mr. Gaines.

"I think dried peas haven't harmed a great deal," returned Gaines.

"Your going to law, I think the law by you the better."

Sam Doward sneaked home glad enough to let the matter

SCHOOL NOTES.

This is a picture of Master Jonathan Ebert, who is one of the brightest of the young pupils of Miss Grubb's school. Master Jonathan is a bright boy of seven years.



and studies about as hard as can be expected of a young man of his age. When he gets into the grammar school he will doubtless make his mark as a scholar.

Crew Street School.

Crew is going to have some mighty fine programmes on the last day.

The seventh and eighth grades will unite, as they have done in the previous years. They will probably debate against each other. The sixth and fifth grades will probably do the same.

The lower grades will have individual programmes.

In the fourth grade there will be an excellent programme, also one on the third, first and second.

Miss Roach took a brigade up yesterday to the normal class by special invitation, to let them see what smart scholars Crew has. They were all from the lower grades.

The boys play handball or baseball at recess every day for amusement.

One of the smartest boys in our school is Master Lamar Cobb Rucker. He is the son of Hon. T. W. Rucker, and is on the roll of honor every month.

Last week it appeared in my communication from Crew that the debate in the eighth grade was decided in favor of the boys. This was incorrect. It was decided in favor of the girls.

I had the misfortune to be misinformed and hence my mistake. It is with great pleasure that I make this correction. M.

Ira Street School.

At the last meeting of the Latitudinarian Literary and Debating Society of the eighth grade the following programme was carried out:

Song-Class.
Recitation—Dora Fried.
Solo, accompanied by guitar—Ella Brantley.

Reading—Milton Smith.
Harp Solo—James Moon.
Recitation—Rosa Lepinsky.
Solo, accompanied by guitar—Ella Brantley.

Reading—Nannie Haley.
Song-Class.

Debate—"Resolved, That foreign immigration should not be restricted. Affirmative, Rosa Lepinsky, Lee Duncan. Negative, Willie Parkhurst and Virginia Morton. Critic—Dora Fried.

In the debate the negative side won.

The Golden Rod Society of the sixth grade has been disbanded until commencement, when, as it has always done, it will "bob up serenely" with an excellent programme.

The attendance banner was won by the fifth grade last week.

President Beattie, of the board of education, visited our school Friday.

Willie Parkhurst.

Mrs. Byers's School.

On the 1st day of May our teacher gave us a picnic at Grant park. The weather was fine and the day passed off delightfully.

Reports for April have been given out. I will send a list of those on the honor roll. It is very nice to be reporter for the school, but, like every honorable position, it has drawbacks. A modest fellow dislikes to publish his own success, for instance. Nevertheless, your reporter stood highest on the roll in the eighth grade.

The following is the list on the roll of honor for April:

Girls—Kate B. Rucker, Leontine Day, Etta Beaumont and Norma Applewhite. Boys—John Collier, Frank E. Echols, John McHarris, Charles A. Collier and Joe Erskine. M. A.

Ivy Street School.

The eighth grade bested the seventh grade in the fifth arithmetic match. The eighth grade had five standing and the seventh didn't have any. Miss Hattie Milledge was the last pupil to sit down in the seventh grade.

The seventh and eighth grades are going to have a picnic next Saturday.

We are studying hard for the final examinations.

The eighth grade has had the highest attendance for the last few weeks.

Some of the scholars are doing work for the exposition.

The eighth grade made 100 in attendance and won the banner for the week.

Arah Avary.

Mrs. Prather's School.

Our literary societies held their last meeting for the present scholastic year on Tuesday, the 30th of April, inviting the patrons and the board of lady visitors to be present.

Miss Ruth Holcourt, the president of the Mmowaynean Society, presided with much

grace and dignity. The secretary's report was very much enjoyed, as it took the form of a condensed history of the year's work, with some happy hits and allusions. As we are all very busy preparing for final examinations, contesting for the medals and getting ready for our closing exercises, the programme was short, but quite entertaining. At the close Mrs. Prather made some important and interesting announcements concerning the prospects of the school and additions to the faculty for the next school year, which will begin early in September.

The girls represented on the programme of April 30th were: Misses Lillian Barrow, Ruth Holcomb, Pearl Peck, Ret Dargan, Florence Harry, Edwarda Patterson, Duta Belle Kilby, Florine Richardson, Anais Cay, Helen Angier, Marie Angier, Jane Sams, Florence Hobbs, Mabel Stilson and Susie Thompson.

We succeeded in getting our piano teacher, Miss Clio Prather, to close our programme with one of her soul-stirring, brilliant selections and then adjourned.

F. H.

Marietta Street School.

The remainder of the honor rolls are as follows:

Seventh Grade—Clyde Jeffries, Bessie Hull.

Fourth Grade—Herbert Mack.

Third Grade—Josephine Rogero, Bessie Hogan.

First Grade—Dora Lawless, Lilly May Allen.

The recitations Monday were all very good. Among the best were those by—Master Clarence Davies—"The New Sled."

Miss Alice Jeffries—"Good Morning."

Miss Louise Johnson—"Good Night."

Miss Lily Glore—"Molly."

Master Frank Taylor—"The Death of Major Ringold."

Master Oscar Martin—"The Barefoot Boy."

The affirmative side carried the day in the debate Friday. The subject was "Resolved, That the negro was better off in slavery than in freedom." The same side has lost but one debate.

A very smart little miss of the first grade is Miss Seable L. Adams. Seable is six years old and the daughter of Mrs. E. C. Adams.

The eighth grade won the banner this week. The average was 100.

Otis Nix.

Bits About Birds.

"I was much amused one afternoon," says an observant naturalist, "by a little family scene on the twig of an elm tree, where a flycatcher had her tiny brood of five just out of the nest, all perched in a row. She was feeding them, and the little dots took their rations with great content as often as the mother caught an insect and flew back with the morsel to each open beak in turn. The regularity with which she kept count, feeding one after another, in exact order, from top to bottom of the row, was very interesting. Presently one small chap grew impatient and while the mother was away fluttered over and crowded himself into the place next to the bird last fed, exactly as if he had planned to get the next fly. He sat there looking very sober and innocent, when the mother returned, but she saw the trick at once and gave the insect to the right bird, and I fancied she whisked the interloper with her wing as she passed, by way of cuffing his ears. Probably he was the rogue of the family and she knew him too well."

An expressman on a Connecticut railway had broiled partridge for supper the other night, and he did not hunt, for the game. The 4 o'clock p. m. express was a trifle late and was running at full speed to make up lost time, when a partridge essayed to cross the track in front of the locomotive. Both the bird and the engine were following the side of an acute triangle to its apex on the railroad line, but the partridge underestimated the speed of the train, which reached the apex a second in advance. The bird struck the car in which the expressman was sorting his goods, and went through the window in the side door with the momentum of a bullet. So swiftly it sped that it cut a clean circular hole in the pane, almost as neatly as if the job had been done with a diamond. Splinters of glass fell in a jingling shower, and as the expressman straightened himself up in dumb amazement, the bird fell dead at his feet, a mass of feathers and broken bones. That is how he came to have partridge for supper.

A Scranton, Pa., gentleman put up a little house for a pair of wrens, boring a large auger hole in the end, near the floor, for them to go in and out, and a smaller auger hole near the peak for ventilation. A flock of sparrows soon got into the habit of making themselves very much at home in the house, much to the discomfort of the wrens, who were powerless to drive out the noisy foreigners. One day the intruders were gone several hours, and during their absence the little wrens flew in and plugged up the larger auger hole with twigs. The small auger hole was big enough for them, but the sparrows could not get through it, and from then on the wrens have full possession of their rightful home.

During a terrific thunderstorm in a southern city, while the Western Union operator was pegging away at the key, he suddenly heard a rustling overhead, and glancing upward saw a sparrow, which, having come in through the open window, was swiftly skimming about the high ceiling room. Then came a great crash of thunder and the little bird, with a frightened peep, fluttered down on the desk. The operator picked up the sparrow and held it in his hand until the fury of the tempest had somewhat abated and then took it to the window and released it. But the bird would not go, and, after hesitating a moment on the window sill, returned to the operator, clinging on his shoulder and nestling against his face. And there it sat for three hours until the stars came out again, when it flew out of the window with a great "peep."—Exchange.



How the clubs stand:

CLUBS—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
S. S. Stars...	6	5	1	.833
Boulevard...	5	4	1	.800
Brisbane...	6	4	2	.666
Tigers...	2	1	1	.500
Grant Park...	6	2	4	.333

Second Division.

CLUBS—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Crescents...	6	5	1	.833
J. Sluggers...	6	4	2	.666
A. Juniors...	6	4	2	.666
J. Stars...	6	3	3	.500
Hornets...	6	3	3	.500

The Schedule.

South Side Stars vs. Boulevard Stars on Boulevard's grounds.

West End Blues vs. Grant Park Stars, at Grant park.

Brisbane Park vs. the Tigers, on Brisbines' grounds.

North Side Crescents vs. Junior Stars, at Ponce de Leon.

Junior Sluggers vs. West End Hornets, on Sluggers' grounds.

Atlanta Juniors vs. Southside Stars, Jr., on Knapp's grounds.

Boulevard Tigers vs. Junior Colts, at Ponce de Leon.

League Managers.

It is with pleasure The Junior presents the picture of Willie Whitlock, better known in athletic circles as "Billie Kitchens." Billie is the manager of the Crescents, at present the leading team in



second division of the league. He is a good ball player himself and handles the stick nicely. All the players under him are satisfied with his management.

He can boast of having the greatest team in the city, but poor Billie and the Crescents will soon meet their Waterloo.

We were in hopes of printing a picture of Mr. Ed Murphy, manager of the South Side Stars, but was unable to get his picture in time. But The Junior promises the picture of the greatest ball team manager in the city next week.

The Junior will publish one or two managers each week until all are published. Kindly send up your picture at once.

Tigers vs. Colts.

The Boulevard Tigers crossed bats with the Junior Colts a few days ago. The Tigers were managed by James Ryan and the Colts by E. P. Harris.

The Colts won the game in a score of 22 to 19. It is evident by the score that it was a hard fought battle.

Ryan was in the box for the Tigers and Harris, who has since joined the Tigers, pitched for the Colts.

Both of these teams have been admitted into the league and are to play against each other Saturday.

Open to Challenges.

The Little Crescents are open to challenges from teams of their size. The boys are from the ages of ten to thirteen. They have played several games and win frequently from teams composed of much larger boys than themselves.

The Junior will publish with pleasure any games that are played during each week between any of the clubs out of the league, as well as any that take place between the league teams during the week.

Two new teams have been admitted to the second division of the league—the Boulevard Tigers and the Junior Colts. Get a small team that can win from the Crescents, who, by the way, are very sore over the admittance.

The Little Southside Stars take the place of the Northside Stars. This little team is a hustler, and under the management of Corn Dorsey they will make the entire second division get a hustle on themselves.

A number of requests have been made upon the president to let the teams play two or three games a week. This is in the hands of clubs. If they can arrange it among themselves to play two or three games a week the per cent will count, provided this be agreed to before the game.

No more teams will be admitted into the league unless one drops out.

South Side Stars.

The South Side Stars went up against the Tigers yesterday and lost. To say it was a great surprise to every one does not express it. Fully two hundred people witnessed the game, and one of the greatest games that has ever been played between amateurs.

Eleven innings were played and the players as well as the spectators were at the height of excitement and anticipation.

Those who did the features of the Tigers were Wooten, Dukes and H. Cox.

Kapau, the Stars' pitcher, was batted over the field and the work of the infield was the only thing that saved them from a terrible defeat.

While the Stars are still at the head of the large division of the league, they have one lost game to their credit. The score was 8 to 7 in favor of the Tigers.

West End Blues vs. Brisbines.

The Blues failed to show up and as the manager of them was unable to get the boys together he disbanded. The game will count for the Brisbines and another team scheduled in place of them.

The Blues were one of the best clubs in the

18 Years a Sufferer.

Dr. Radway & Co., New York, August 12, 1884.—I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over 18 years and have had several doctors, but without good result. I tried Dr. —'s Pill to the extent of ten boxes, but my sickness grew worse instead of better, and so I did not buy any more. I gave up my food before dinner, and I had enough and could eat nothing. But now I have been taking your Radway Pills and I must express my thanks to you. They have cured me and I am all right again so that I can eat and drink. Yours respectfully,

JOHN REGEN,

147 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. Radway & Co., New York — gives me great pleasure to voluntarily state that your Pill is much superior to any I have used. Being greatly troubled with headache and costiveness, I find that they give me instant relief, which other pills could not do. PETER KIEFER,
230 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Radway's Pills

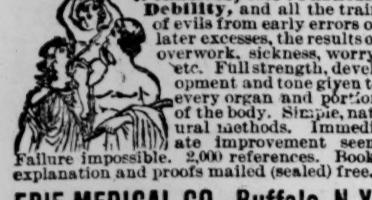
Cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Dizziness, Costiveness, Pills, Skin Diseases, Fevers, Rheumatism, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, and all Disorders of the Liver. 25 cents per box. At druggists or by mail. Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 265, New York, for "Book of Advice."

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FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of Epilepsy being cured by Dr. H. H. Holmes, but we never heard of any case which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P.O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Diseases from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation. Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Very small; easy to take; pain; no griping. Purely Vegetable. Sugar Coated.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Beware of Imitations and Ask for CARTER'S and see you get C-A-R-T-E-R-S.

C. E. MATHER.

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May-5-tue-sun



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May-2-tue-sun

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The Now Famous Author of "Coin's Financial School"
WAS A SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY

A West Virginia School Teacher and Lawyer—He Is Fairly Well Off and Never Had Any Trouble Making Money.

Chicago, March 8.—(Special)—William Hope Harvey, one of the most notable men in Chicago today, has made fame and fortune out of his three books, "Coin's Financial School," "A Tale of Two Nations" and "Coin's Financial School Up to Date."

Only yesterday he had orders for 12,000 copies of his books!

The total sale of the series to date is reported the grand aggregate of 500,000 copies, and of this "Coin's Financial School's" circulation was 350,000. It has been a common thing for Mr. Harvey to score over these books to that excited by the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the stirring days of the fight over slavery; yet, famous as this latter book was and is, it reached a total of only 450,000 copies, and the "Coin" books are now confidently expected to surmount the 1,000,000 mark long before November, 1895.

Arrangements have just been concluded for the translation of these books into German, Scandinavian and Bohemian, to still further broaden their avenues of access to the masses.

The orders on which shipments are now being made come, practically, from every state in the union; only last week shipments were made on orders from Paris and

London respectively. From farmers and country storekeepers the demand has spread to the great gold centers of the world, such as the Western News Company about handling these books—and I had to convert him to the right view before he was willing to handle them—I told him that one million copies of the books would be sold, I never had any doubt on this point, even when the books "bagged" a little at the start, knew it would take time to get them to men in the trade, but I felt that when they did the people would read them and talk about them. The facts in the books were too plain and too startling not to excite the deepest interest in the minds of thousands so vitally concerned in an intelligent understanding of the subject. The one great thing was to write the books so that people would be led to read and learn the facts."

"I expected it. In fact it had to come, if the books were to accomplish the educational purpose for which they were written. I have been writing for the Western News Company about handling these books—and I had to convert him to the right view before he was willing to handle them—I told him that one million copies of the books would be sold, I never had any doubt on this point, even when the books "bagged" a little at the start, knew it would take time to get them to men in the trade, but I felt that when they did the people would read them and talk about them. The facts in the books were too plain and too startling not to excite the deepest interest in the minds of thousands so vitally concerned in an intelligent understanding of the subject. The one great thing was to write the books so that people would be led to read and learn the facts."

"The precise monetary issue now being forced is that of bimetallism against gold monometallism. It is not silver monetarism, but gold monetarism, that is the issue, but that cannot be as long as the mints are open to both metals. It is the issue of the re-establishment of a safe foundation of redemption money with which to maintain the credit of this country—that foundation, so large a part of which was cut away by the law of 1873 demonetizing silver. With gold monetarism, the currency is at the mercy of England. This arises from the fact that the great banking houses of England can "corner" gold and "squeeze" the United States treasury whenever they see fit to do so. This would be impossible under a system of bimetallism, because the mint cannot be as long as the mints are open to both metals. 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